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PATIENCE.

BY J. S.

Were there no night, we could not read the stars,
The heavens would turn into a blinding glare;
Freedom is best seen through the prison bars,
And rough seas make the haven passing fair.

We cannot measure joys but by their loss;
When blessings fade away, we see them then;
Our richest clusters grow around the cross,
And in the night the angels sing to men.

The seed must first be buried deep in earth
Before the lily opens in the sky;
So "light is sown," and gladness has its birth
In the dark deeps, where we can only cry.

"Life out of death," is heaven's unwritten law;
Nay, it is written in a myriad forms;
The victor's palm grows on the field of war,
And strength and beauty are the fruit of storms.

Come, then, my soul, be brave to do and bear;
Thy life is bruised that it may be more sweet;
Thy cross will soon be left, the crown we'll wear—
Nay, we will cast it at our Saviour's feet.

And up among the glories never told,
Sweeter than music of the marriage bell,
Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold
To the glad song, "He doeth all things well."

INEZ;

—OR,—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

NO English peeress was ever so exclusive as the Duchess of Ruthwell. Young, beautiful, and accomplished, charitable and generous even to a fault, she was one of the leading members of the English aristocracy. To belong to her set was the highest of all honors. Wealth could not obtain admission to it, nor rank, unsupported by intellect. To be on her visiting list was an honor upon which people prided themselves. She was not proud; no one ever called her haughty; but she was exclusive.

When it was known that her Grace of Ruthwell was about to give the grandest ball of the season, the whole fashionable world was aroused. Those who were sure of receiving invitations watched, with amusement, the intrigues of others who were not so happy.

Lady Eversleigh was the first who mentioned the coming fete to Lady Lynne. She knew that for herself an invitation was certain; she had known the Duchess many years. She waited anxiously to see if her two cousins would receive the same. She had heard the Duchess speak in the very highest terms of Lady Lynne; but this ball was after all, the touchstone.

"Let me know directly if you receive a card," said Lady Eversleigh to Inez. "I am very anxious over it. Let me know at once."

Lady Lynne smiled at her cousin's eager words, and promised to despatch a messenger at once when the much coveted "billets" should arrive. It was not, therefore, without some little anxiety, that she saw two whole days pass by, and yet no invitations came.

"It cannot be," she said to herself, "that, in the midst of my triumph, I should be slighted;" and she smiled as she saw her face in the large French mirror that adorned her dressing-room. Still, that day came to an end, and brought no invitation for the Duchess of Ruthwell's grand ball.

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"What large envelopes!" said Agatha, as she entered Lady Lynne's boudoir, where breakfast awaited the sisters.

"Do not make fun of them, Agatha," said Philip; "those very envelopes you are now criticising contain talismans that some beautiful and fashionable ladies are dying for."

"I never can quite understand you, Philip," remonstrated his cousin. "What do you mean? What are the letters about?"

"If I am right in my conjectures," he replied, "these envelopes contain no letter, but merely an invitation to Her Grace of Ruthwell's grand ball—the most exclusive of the season."

"Is it really so?" cried Inez. "How pleased Lady Eversleigh will be! I must send her word at once."

"Did she fear you would not receive an invitation?" asked Philip.

"No, not quite that," replied his wife; "but she was very anxious about it."

If Inez could have foreseen the consequences of that ball, the cards she held in her jewelled fingers would have been torn into shreds. A thousand times afterwards she regretted that she went, yet her fate would in any case have been the same.

Another hour brought Lady Eversleigh, excited and happy, to hold a grand consultation about dress. Nothing was costly or magnificent enough to please her. Agatha's costume was soon decided. "A young girl," said her lady ship, "can never be too simply attired; plain white silk and good lace for you, my dear; but for Lady Lynne it is quite another matter—magnificence, not simplicity, for her."

Agatha willingly acquiesced in her ladyship's decision, and promised to pay all attention to the white silk and lace.

"I want you," continued Lady Eversleigh, addressing Inez, "to surpass yourself. Everybody—who is anybody in our world—will be at the ball, and you must be the belle. You do not know how much depends upon it. I really think in so important a matter we had better consult Madame Nevers. There are no diamonds in London finer than yours."

After a short study of the splendid face and figure, Madame Nevers soon decided upon the toilette. The dress was to be of the palest rose satin, covered with rich flounces of white lace, and looped up with white camellias.

The celebrated Lynne diamonds, she said, were all-sufficient without aid of other ornaments or flowers.

And certainly Lady Lynne looked the most beautiful in all that brilliant throng; the rich satin made her white arms and shoulders doubly fair. Her beautiful Southern face was radiant, her dark eyes were full of light, and the costly diamonds shone on her queenly figure, and in the ripples of her dark hair.

Her appearance created quite a sensation. Beauties who had been reigning triumphantly, saw their reign at an end.

A crowd of admirers soon surrounded her, and Lord Lynne smiled as he heard the low expressions of admiration her appearance excited.

That night was the most brilliant Lady Lynne ever saw; homage and adulation floated like incense around her. Wherever her bright eyes fell she saw smiles and glances of admiration. People watched her when she danced, and agreed that such grace was rare.

The young husband was proud of her triumphs, and again thought to himself that he had chosen both wisely and well.

But a greater triumph still was in store for Inez. One of the royal dukes, who seldom attended either balls or parties, honored her Grace of Ruthwell with his presence, and as soon as he was introduced to Lady Lynne, he asked her for the next waltz. There was a glow of gratified pride on her radiant face as she assented, and people talked of the honor paid to the "belle of the season," the beautiful Lady Lynne.

When the waltz was ended, her royal partner found a seat for Inez under the spreading foliage of a magnificent plant that adorned the ball-room. He stood by her side conversing for some minutes, evidently delighted with the wit and vivacity of his fair companion. When he went away, Lord Lynne took his place by her side.

"You look warm, Inez," he said; "that last dance has tired you; come into the cool conservatory, and I will fetch you an ice."

The dripping waters had a soft, soothing, musical sound, the perfume of rare flowers filled the air, the sound of the distant music took her thoughts back to that night at Lynnewolde, when she had overheard those few words Philip said to her sister, and a smile of triumph rippled over her beautiful face. It was all safe now; she had won the prize; what mattered how? A life of love and triumph, of gratified ambition, and high hopes, lay smiling before her. Philip loved her; the world laid its homage at her feet. She had nothing to fear; and again the red lips smiled as she remembered her past fear.

"I have been a long time, Inez," said her husband, approaching her, "but really the rooms are so crowded, that I have almost had to fight my way."

"There seems to be a great number of people here," she replied, "and so many of them are coming this way."

"Rest a few minutes longer," said Lord Lynne. "You look quite refreshed already. I have something to tell you that the Duke said about you."

She smiled again, and watched her husband as he went back into the ball-room. Then the rippling waters drew her attention, and she bent over the fountain with the lovelight still in her dark eyes and the smile upon her lips.

No one ever saw that same smile again upon the face of Lady Lynne.

Several people had entered the conservatory and stood grouped among the flowers and shrubs.

One or two sought, as Lord Lynne had done, the coolness of the fountain, and Inez watched them with some amusement as her eyes wandered over the different groups, her quick instinct telling her who were lovers and who were not.

All at once a deadly pallor overspread the face of Lady Lynne, a wild look came into those dark eyes, riveted as though by some terrible spell on the half-averted face of a gentleman who stood alone intently watching her. For one moment her lips opened, as though to utter a piercing cry; but even the very breath seemed to die upon them, they were so fixed and still. The bouquet of flowers she held in her hands fell into the fountain, but she never heeded the fall.

"Lady Lynne, what is the matter?—are you ill?" cried one or two ladies who saw that white, startled face, and one of them went up to her, and tried to take her hand.

"Are you ill, Lady Lynne?" she inquired gently; and never, to her dying day, did the lady forget the ghastly face and wild eyes.

No reply, no word, came from the rigid lips.

"Shall I find your husband?" asked the lady; then the white stillness of the face was broken, the lips quivered, and she withdrew her eyes from the spot where their wild gaze had been so terribly fixed.

"My husband!" she murmured; then, seeming to arouse herself by a great effort, she looked into the lady's face, and said, "Thank you, I am not ill; the heat made me faint for half a minute."

Still the dreadful pallor remained, and the white, jewelled hands were tightly clenched.

"Shall I go in search of Lord Lynne?" again inquired Lady Ripton, alarmed at the expression of the face upon which she gazed.

"If you will be so kind," replied Lady Lynne. "I am very tired; and if he will order the carriage, we will go home."

Lady Ripton went on her kindly errand, and then the stranger drew near to Inez. For one moment he stood before her in silence.

"It is really you," she said. "The grave has not given back its dead?"

"It is really myself, fair lady," he replied. "The grave and I are yet strangers."

A long low murmur came from her white lips.

"Merciful Heaven!" she cried, "is this my triumph?"

"I was half afraid of startling you," he said,—"but you have good nerves—you are a grand creature, Inez."

"Hush!" she cried, passionately. "Do not dare to use my name! If hatred and contempt could kill you, you would die now at my feet."

"I am fortunately invulnerable," he replied, with a light laugh. "Oh, here is my Lord Lynne approaching. Introduce me, Inez."

"What is the matter, darling?" said Philip. "How ill you look! What is it?"

"I am tired," she said, in a low voice, unlike her own,—"tired and wearied. Take me home."

Lord Lynne looked with some little surprise at the tall, handsome stranger who stood by his wife's side. The gentleman bowed as he met Philip's glance, and, turning to Inez, said, "May I ask for an introduction to your husband, Lady Lynne?"

Without looking at him, she introduced the Count Rinaldo Montalti to Lord Lynne.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Lady Lynne in Spain some years ago," said the Count to Philip. "I am quite charmed to have the honor of renewing our acquaintance."

"I was a child then," said Inez; and her husband looked at her, surprised at the bitterness of her tone.

"May I be permitted to say that the beauty of the bud gave promise of the perfection of the flower?" said the Count, bowing gallantly to the pale, beautiful woman; but she turned abruptly, and Philip smiled at the very florid compliment.

"Lady Lynne is tired to-night," continued Count Montalti; "may I be permitted to call to-morrow?"

Inez bowed haughtily, but no word passed her lips.

"You are not over-amiable to your friend," said Philip, with a smile. "Do you not like him?"

But for an answer she clung to his arm and said:

"I am tired, Philip, and so wearied; please take me home."

Tenderly and gently the young husband wrapped her cloak round the trembling form, wondering, as he did so, if it was the heat or late hours that had made his wife so ill.

Agatha looked with bewildered surprise at her sister's face when the light from the hall lamp shone upon it; it was white as death, and looked years older.

"Let me take you to your room, Inez," she said; "you look worn out."

While the gentle girl removed the diamonds from the rich dark hair, and helped to take off the costly dress, she heard deep, bitter sobs die away upon the lips of Lady Lynne.

"You are over fatigued," she said, caressing the face bent upon her shoulder; "lie down now, and try to sleep."

Ten minutes afterwards, when Agatha entered the room with some wine for her sister, she found her lying perfectly still, her face turned from the light to the wall.

"I am glad she is sleeping," thought the young girl. "She looked so ill, I was alarmed."

Then she went out, and closed the door.

A few minutes afterwards, and a white face looked out into the moonlight, and until morning dawned Lady Lynne paced wearily up and down her luxurious chamber, ever and anon a passionate cry coming from her lips as she clenched her hands and cried:

"And this is my triumph! Merciful Heaven, this is my triumph!"

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Spain was the home of chivalry she counted no braver sons than those of the grand old race of Monteleone. Foremost where honor called and valor led, they were perfect types of the knights of old.

But chivalry died away, and with it per-

ished the "lion hearts" that had so long led the "banners among the hills of Spain."

Slowly the grand old race died out; lands and money seemed to fly from them; their name was heard no more among the warriors and statesmen of the nation. People spoke of the Montelcones as of a bygone line, and at the time our story opens—twenty years before Inez Lynne was summoned to England by the father who seemed to have forgotten her birth—no male scion of the family remained. Of all their once vast possessions, they retained only a large, gloomy old castle, situated in the midst of the beautiful province of Andalusia. There Luigi Monteleone, the last of his race, died, and there his widow, with their only child *Bianca*, resided.

A stranger life than that of Madame Monteleone could not be imagined. She, too, came from the same illustrious race as her late husband. They were in fact the only two members of the family left. Their marriage was a happy one; but the decay of his family broke the heart of Luigi. His daydream was to win back its glory and its honor; but he died young, and left one little daughter, Bianca, only four years old.

Madame Monteleone gave herself up entirely to the education of this beloved child, who gave great promise of beauty, and her mother formed high and glowing hopes for her future. Beautiful and gifted, her daughter might accomplish the task in which her father had failed. She might marry, and her husband consent to take the time honored name of Monteleone, or one of their children might bear it; and so the ancient race might revive to more than its former glory.

Rarely did either mother or child quit the grounds belonging to the castle. The greater part of the castle lay in ruins; only one wing was habitable; and there madame, her daughter, and two servants dwelt. The day was spent in hard study and the acquirement of numberless accomplishments; and the stern beautiful mother never neglected any means in her power of instilling her own wishes and plans into the mind of her child. When the day's work was ended, the young girl listened for hours together to stories of the brave deeds of her ancestors.

"Shall this great name die out?" the mother would ask, when the child's heart was glowing with her words. "Ah, no, Bianca! let your destiny be to re-establish it. Live for that, and you will be the greatest of all the ladies of Monteleone."

So the young girl grew up in the lonely old castle, cut off from all the pleasures and amusements of her age, without any companion except her mother; living only in the glories of the past and the hopes of the future, thinking of the present merely as a probation that must be endured. At the age of eighteen she was beautiful as an houri, and accomplished to an extraordinary degree. She spoke Italian, French and German with as much fluency as Spanish. She sang beautifully, and played with no mean skill. Well might her mother's heart glow with pride as she watched her, and her hopes rose higher day by day.

Madame Monteleone had begun to form her plans. She had purposely lived in the most economical manner, and had so managed to save a sum of money. With this she intended to go to Madrid, where her name was still known and honored, and there introduce her beautiful child to the notice of the Spanish queen. While maturing these plans a circumstance happened which rendered them all useless and unavailing. Destiny had other things in store for Bianca Monteleone.

The northern front of the castle faced the high road that led to the ancient and celebrated city of Seville. One evening a man, coming on business to one of the servants, found in the middle of the road a young gentleman, who had apparently been thrown from his horse, and lay either stunned or dead on the bank, while the horse quietly grazed at some distance from him. In a few minutes the inhabitants of the castle were aroused, and by Madame Monteleone's command, the gentleman was carried into one of the bed-rooms, and a doctor sent for with all speed.

The extent of his injuries was soon discovered; they were a violent concussion of the brain and a broken ankle. For many days the life of the young stranger trembled in the balance. During that time he never recovered his senses, but evidently imagined himself in England. They discovered that he was an English nobleman, for in a small pocket book was written his name, "Stephen Lord Lynne." They knew he must be wealthy, for he wore diamonds of great value, and a purse full of gold was found in his pockets. Inquiries were made at Seville, and then they discovered that the wounded stranger had been residing for some weeks in that city, and that only two days before his valet had left him and returned to England. Some large boxes belonging to him were still at the hotel, and these were forwarded to Serranto at Madame Monteleone's desire.

Very slowly did Lord Lynne recover consciousness and strength. His gratitude was boundless. He spoke French fluently, and as both ladies habitually conversed in that language, there was nothing to check their friendly intercourse. All that he had to tell was soon told. He, Stephen Lord Lynne, had succeeded to his title two years ago, on the death of his father. His mother was still alive, and in compliance with her wish he was travelling for two years before he married and settled down.

He lingered in Spain, for he loved the country. While at Seville, his valet left him and returned to England. He was going to visit a small town near, when he was thrown from his horse, and left almost dead at their castle gates. He was young, and handsome—as were all the Lynnes—and gifted with an easy grace of manner that charmed and fascinated those proud, high bred Spanish ladies.

When he was able to leave his room he spent many hours every day in the society of Madame Monteleone and her daughter. From the mother he learned the ancient glories of the family;—how they had once been second to none save their royal masters; and the young English lord found with surprise that the plainly dressed lady, who lived in what he considered a gloomy old ruin, belonged to one of the noblest families of Spain. He saw they were very poor; there was no attempt at any disguise; but no queen ever wore state and splendor with more dignity than did Madame Monteleone her obscurity and poverty.

From the daughter he learned another lesson; the lovely face, the dark, almond eyes, haunted him; and he loved her with a wild devotion rare in an Englishman. It was the old, old story. What else could happen, given an old castle, a wounded knight, and a beautiful girl? Bianca forgot her high vocation, and fell as deeply in love with the English lord as he had done with her. A few meetings among the myrtle and orange trees, and then Stephen Lord Lynne asked Bianca Monteleone to be his wife. He had no fear, as he gazed in her beautiful, loving face. He was rich and noble—there was no fear of refusal for him; but for many years Lord Lynne never forgot the look of distress, almost horror, upon Madame Monteleone's face, when he asked for her daughter's hand.

"My daughter!" she cried. "How blind, how foolish I have been! I never dreamed that you loved her! You must go away, and forget her. She can never be your wife!"

"Why not?" asked Lord Lynne, calmly. "What objection have you to me?"

"None," replied Madame Monteleone, "as regards yourself; but my daughter must marry a Spanish noble. I would not give her to the wealthiest duke in England. Her destiny has long been settled."

"But she loves me, madame," again urged Lord Lynne.

"Impossible!" cried the lady. "My daughter knows her destiny, and will fulfil it. She must not see you again."

The stern, ambitious mother adhered to her words, and Bianca was kept a prisoner in her own rooms until the departure of Lord Lynne. Mother and daughter said but little on the subject. The mother appealed to her child's love, and sense of right respecting all her high hopes and ambitious views. Bianca listened and submitted in silence.

Lord Lynne left Serranto and returned to Seville, determined at any cost to win the beautiful girl who loved him so well. Once more alone Madame Monteleone began to prepare for her journey to Madrid. But another obstacle arose. Bianca, who made no opposition to her mother's wishes, who had submitted silently to the loss of her lover, fell ill, and faded visibly day by day. In vain did Madame summon physicians, and pay heavily for their advice. They all said the same thing; her daughter's disease was more mental than physical: and the distracted mother began to understand that her daughter was slowly but surely dying, her heart breaking for the loss of the fair-haired Englishman, who had brought such golden radiance into her gloomy life.

Lord Lynne persisted in calling every day. During Bianca's illness he was seldom allowed to exchange a word with Madame Monteleone; but one eventful day, instead of being dismissed with a few curt words, he was invited into madame's boudoir. There she told him frankly that her daughter's marriage with him would be the bitterest grief of her life, the downfall of her hopes, the last step completing the final ruin of her race. Still Bianca's life must not be sacrificed, and she withdrew her opposition.

Not another word did the stern lady utter even when Bianca knelt at her feet to thank her. She would not assist in any preparations for the marriage, and the last of the Monteleones was led to the altar by her English lover in plain morning dress, and without any ornament. Her mother never blessed her—never gave her consent to the marriage. She said but those few words:

"I withdraw my opposition." So Stephen Lord Lynne married Bianca Monteleone, and immediately the ceremony was ended he took her to Italy.

For one year Lord and Lady Lynne were perfectly happy. Bianca sighed when she remembered her mother in the gloomy castle of Serranto. She may be forgiven if her mind did not always dwell on that sad and cheerless picture. For the first time in her life she was happy; she was out in the fair, bright world, mixing freely with her fellow creatures, admired, loved, and praised by all. Her husband adored her; never was love so passionate or so devoted as that of Lord Lynne for his beautiful bride. Her lovely face and sweet graceful manners, her child like simplicity, won all hearts. In Rome, in Florence, and in sunny Naples, she who had never in her whole life heard one compliment, now found homage and flattery everywhere. It was impossible to be young and not enjoy the new and golden life opened to her. For the first time she wore magnificent jewels and costly dresses, that enhanced her beauty and made her doubly fair. She liked the grandeur that surrounded her; it was pleasure to dwell in sumptuous rooms, to tread upon soft, thick carpets; to gaze upon rare pictures and statues, to have servants ready to obey her slightest word. It was pleasant to be a young, idolised wife, whose every wish and whim were gratified.

In the first tumult of this new life, Bianca half forgot the hopes she had wrecked, the ambition she had betrayed. Once when talking to Lord Lynne of her mother, she suddenly clasped her arms round his neck and asked him to give up his English home, to bring his wealth over to Spain, and to himself take her name of Monteleone; but he laughed long and loudly at the mere idea.

"Wait, Bianca," he said, lightly, "until you have seen Lynnewolde. Why, my dear child, you could put all Serranto in one corner of it. You must become English; I can never be a Spaniard."

Whatever she may have thought, Lady Lynne never expressed that wish to her husband again.

* * * * *

They had been married almost a year, when a sudden desire took possession of Lady Lynne. It was to return to Serranto so that her child might be born there. Lord Lynne said all he could dissuade her, but in vain. She was too gentle, too yielding to persist in reverting to her wish when her husband had expressed disapprobation, but in a hundred ways he perceived how much she was really bent upon it.

They had spent a year of unalloyed happiness. Day by day Lord Lynne loved more dearly and deeply the beautiful gentle girl who had touched his heart as no other woman ever could or did. To make her happy, to watch her beautiful girlish face brighten at his loving words, was the study and pleasure of his life. He divined her wishes, and executed them almost before they were uttered. They wandered about in those fair Italian cities, and life for them resembled the golden dream of the lotus eater.

"I wish I could understand, dear Bianca," said Lord Lynne to his wife, one day, "why you wish to return to that gloomy old Serranto."

"I cannot tell," she replied. "I do not understand what it is that seems to call me home, but my mother's face is always before me; and, oh Stephen, I would give anything for my little child to be born in my old home!"

"You shall have your wish," replied Lord Lynne, looking fondly at her; "but I fear we shall not have a very warm reception from your mother."

"She will be pleased to see us," said Lady Lynne; "and perhaps we might persuade her to leave Serranto and go to England for a time."

Solely to please his beautiful young wife, to whom he could refuse nothing, Lord Lynne undertook the journey to Serranto. It was a long and somewhat tedious one, for Bianca was delicate, and could not travel far without fatigue.

Madame Monteleone received them more warmly and kindly than they had anticipated. Not by one single word or act had she forwarded their marriage; but now that they were married, not one word of her blighted hopes escaped her, and never once in her daughter's presence did she breathe a sigh. Even the expression of her face seemed changed. She had lived for one object, one hope alone had sustained her, one idea had directed all her words and actions. It was all over now, and she said to herself bitterly that she had lived in vain. Something like resignation had taken the place of the determination that had made her face stern and cold.

In after years Madame Monteleone was thankful beyond words that she had never reproached her daughter, either by word or look. But in vain did Lord and Lady Lynne try to persuade her to leave Serranto for a time and visit Lynnewolde.

"I should be lost in your English home," she said, to the young lord; "and I do not think I could live away from the myrtle and orange trees."

Neither mother nor daughter was destined to see the stately English home. Quite suddenly Bianca was seized with a violent and dangerous illness. In vain the distracted husband summoned the most skilful physician in the country. The fiat had gone forth; the short life of the beautiful Andalusian was ended. Hope and love and happiness were all over; she only lived to hold her little daughter in her arms and bless it.

"Stephen," she said, looking into the loving face bent over her, "I know now what impulse called me home—I came here to die; but I have been very happy, my beloved, with you." She then laid her little babe in her mother's arms, and said gently, "Let her do for you what I failed in doing; she will repay your love and care better than I have done."

Before the sun set that evening over the Andalusian hills, Bianca Lady Lynne slept the last long sleep.

No words can describe the despair of the young husband. The blow was so sudden, so unexpected, that it almost deprived him of life and reason. He could not realize the fact that his lovely and loving young wife had left him for ever. Life lost all its charms. In the first bitterness of his sorrow Lord Lynne had but one wish: it was to die, and so put an end to the anguish for which there seemed no remedy. He remained at Serranto simply because all energy was dead in him. At length he was roused from his grief by a letter from his mother, calling him home on urgent affairs.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO days before Lord Lynne left Serranto, Madame Monteleone appeared before him in her deep mourning dress holding the little babe in her arms.

"My son," she said, addressing him for the first time by that title, "I am here to ask a favor of you. You took from me my daughter, my one love, hope, and object in life; make amends for the wrong you did. Give me this little babe in place of the child you took from me."

Lord Lynne hesitated for some minutes. It was his Bianca's child; and now that she had left him, he had nothing else to love. But the pale wistful face of the lady moved him. If he took a child so young to England, the chances were that it would die on the journey. And after all it would be a perpetual reminder of his sorrow and his loss; still, he would not part with it altogether. He could not consent to give up all claim to this his only child. So the matter was compromised, and he agreed that Madame Monteleone should have charge of his daughter for at least the next twelve years, if she lived so long. But to this he would not even agree, unless the Spanish lady would allow to contribute a certain sum annually towards the support and education of the little Inez. Madame Monteleone would have consented to almost any terms he chose to offer, so anxious was she to retain her daughter's child.

So Lord Lynne left the country where he had loved and suffered so deeply; sorrow had aged and altered him. His mother hardly recognized in the sad, thoughtful man the bright faced boy who had been away from her so short a time. Lady Lynne had said nothing when her son wrote to tell her of his marriage with the beautiful daughter of a noble but impoverished race; but the disappointment had been as great to her as to Madame Monteleone. She knew that the only hope for her son was to marry some one with money, and she had selected in her own mind the lady whom she had wished to see his wife—a quiet, gentle English girl without any pretensions to beauty, but the sole heiress to an enormous fortune. But this hope died when she heard that her son had found a wife for himself, and she wisely abstained from saying anything either of her hope or disappointment. When Stephen wrote to say that after the birth of his child he hoped to bring his wife home to Lynnewolde, she made what preparations she could for them; but when she expected something definite as to the time of their arrival, there came the sad news of the death of the young and beautiful bride.

Lady Lynne realized how great her son's sorrow was when she saw his altered face. At first she felt some little disappointment at not seeing the little Inez; but upon reflection she felt it better that he had returned alone. For some months she felt anxious and alarmed about him; the spring of his life seemed gone. No smile ever came to his lips; never for one moment did his sorrow leave him. His mother began to fear that his heart was buried in the grave of his beautiful and beloved wife. He could not endure to hear her name mentioned; he could not bear to dwell upon that one brief year when she had been with him. But as years rolled on the bitterness of his grief died away.

While he lived, Lord Lynne never really loved or cared for any other woman; but in time he yielded to his mother's wishes, and brought home to Lynnewolde as his wife, the wealthy and gentle lady whom she had selected.

During the first year of his second marriage he was wretched beyond expression; he could not help it—he could not avoid comparing the passionate beautiful Spaniard with his calm, quiet English wife; but when his daughter, the little golden-haired Agatha, was born, he grew more reconciled to his fate. He was a rich man now, and held a high position in the county. He began to feel more interested in his duties; he became attached to his wife, in a quiet kind of way. He came to look upon that one year of perfect happiness more as a beautiful dream than a reality; he tried to forget sunny Spain, her purple hills, her

myrtles and olives—he tried to forget the past and live only in the present, and in some degree he succeeded.

Regularly every quarter there came a letter from Madame Monteleone. The child she said, had even more than her mother's beauty, with all the fire and spirit, all the pride and hauteur, of her ancient race.

Lord Lynne shrank selfishly from seeing her. He did not care to re open the old wounds that had once smarted so acutely. He dreaded lest the sight of the mother s face in the child should bring back the anguish it had taken years to deaden. So time rolled on; the Dowager Lady Lynne died happy in believing her son to be so. The golden haired child grew up into a sweet and lovely girl; yet no word came to summon the eldest and dearest child to her father's home.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

IN THE DEPTHS.

BY E. E.

Below the dark waves, where the dead go down,
Are gulfs of night more deep,
But little care they whom the waves once drown,
How far from the light they sleep.

But who, in deepest sorrow though he be,
Fears not a deeper still?
Ah, God! that sorrow were as the salt sea,
Whose topmost waters kill.

The Mother's Choice.

BY C. P.

LAURENCE HERBERT had been in leading strings all his life. His mother had managed him as persistently and completely from the time he donned his first coat until he was safely anchored in a matrimonial engagement as during the previous periods of infancy and roundabouts, though the anchoring process had not been accomplished wholly without resistance on his part. But it had been accomplished.

After perhaps half a dozen calls in the Vercey parlors, where perpetual twilight reigned; after as many meetings under the gaslights of ball or opera, he had proposed in due form, and been accepted.

Whether he had simulated a tenderness he did not feel, Laurence could not possibly have told.

It was in his nature to be diffident before women. I think he would have maintained a sort of chivalrous devotion towards all the sex but for that persistent ruling, and when in the presence of Marian Vercey he invariably fell into a state of bewilderment, which was as far removed as possible from the fluctuations of his one love affair with his sister's music teacher, which his mother had nipped in the bud.

Out of Miss Vercey's presence he was clear enough.

"If I had one particle of honest, manly independence I would tell that girl how it is and ask her to let me off again. I ought to do it in justice to her as much as to myself."

For Laurence was sure that the bride of his asking would never be the ideal of his choice

But his misgivings, strong as they were, did not find way into words, they only nerved him to stubborn rebellion where his mother's next plan was concerned.

"Dance attendance on you and the girls from London to Jericho, if you took the whim to go there! What a figure I would cut! I'm not a society man, and if I get away from business at all it shall be for a quiet run into some corner of the earth and one suit and a hand-bag is all I want. Somewhere that I can go fishing and shooting, or sleep all the afternoon if I take the notion."

"For myself I would not urge you," said Mrs. Herbert, rather stiffly; "but you know Marian has the right to expect your attendance."

"Marian will waive her right," said that young lady, when the case was laid before her. "Fairlight is just the place you would like Laurence. You will meet my sister there unless she changes her mind, which is quite as probable."

"Your sister?"

Laurence was not so well posted in the Vercey family history as he should have been.

"She is just through school, and not out yet. She is older than I am, strange as it may seem. You see she was delicate and so kept back. For all her years, Mamie is a child compared with me—rather a spoiled child, I m afraid. Mamma would have liked her with us, but she chooses solitude, and has her own way."

The last sentence she uttered lingered in his mind.

There was something refreshing in the thought of solitude, something attractive, though he might not admit it, in the idea of a young lady who preferred it to the glitter of full-dress resorts.

The thought ended in his finding himself at Fairlight one summer day, and the real story of his life began.

The place was not a village, as he expected to find it, but a square house on a strip of meadow which bordered the river close down at its mouth.

Laurence was disappointed to find the old house full to overflowing; but he was not long proof against the general spirit which prevailed, which gave him a friendly feeling for all these people he had never seen before by the time he had been in the house three days.

He had actually forgotten all about Marian's sister till he was unexpectedly brought face to face with a slender, blue robed figure, who smiled sweetly as her name was pronounced.

"I scarcely need an introduction to Mr. Herbert," said she.

"I hope the prejudice of pre-knowledge has been in my favor, Miss Vercey. You left Marian well?"

"Marian is very well."

"And the rest? I have you to thank for the pleasure of finding myself here. Did not your sister tell me that you are in delicate health? Am I keeping you standing in this breeze?"

A ringing laugh rewarded that touch of solicitude, and Laurence, in his amazement, was betrayed into looking full at her. He had only given her one embarrassed glance before.

"July breezes are scarcely dangerous," Miss Vercey choked back her mirth to say. "Oh, Mr. Herbert, did they tell you you must make yourself agreeable to me? I release you from the bond—it is such hard work."

Laughing still, she left him with a pleasant picture in his mind, which came back to him more than once during the long day he passed on the water.

She was very like Marian, younger looking he decided; and he thought her eyes were bluer, and her hair fairer.

He came back in the late, dim dusk, and met her upon the lawn.

"Sweets to the sweet," said he," putting a mass of odorous water lilies into her hands.

"What beauties! How shall I repay you? Oh, I know—by seeing that you have your supper. People who infringe the rules of this primitive establishment get short rations, they say."

She was in the deserted dining room when he entered, one of his waxen blossoms in her hair.

"Somebody said you must have risked your life to get them—or did you have a boat?"

"I had a boat I grieve to confess. It went ashore in the treacherous bog, and as the more I tried to get it off, the more it stuck, I had to lie there and wait for the tide to come in. I should have gone farther and risked more to win your appreciation of my gift."

"Sentiments and bread and butter. How absurd."

He had got rid of his usual diffidence most completely, and would most willingly have lengthened the pleasant half hour if he could.

"There must be a splendid effect of moonlight upon the water by this time," he ventured, when it was impossible to remain longer silent. "Wouldn't you like to come and see?"

She hesitated—then refused.

"I am here with aunt Vercey, and I must not neglect her. She is an invalid, but a very unselfish one."

"I thought you were alone?"

"Oh, there was a change in the plan after you heard it," she answered; and Laurence was scarcely gratified by this token of her entire possession of her sister s confidence.

But the next evening she remained for the moonlight effects.

"Not upon the water. I have just declined a sail with Mr. McDermott, and so of course cannot go with you."

"Why did you decline?"

"I may as well tell you the truth, I suppose; I have made up my mind not to go out with a gentleman."

"I am sorry. I meant to have offered you a place in my boat to morrow. There is an inlet with an echo somewhere in the vicinity which, I am told, it is everyone's duty to explore."

"That's a different matter. I'll go with you if you'll ask me," she said, carelessly; and Laurence felt that it was a recognition of his soon-to be brotherly privilege.

It did not take away his pleasure in the morrow's excursion, however, or of the other excursions on other to morrows which followed it.

A month went by.

He made aunt Vercey's acquaintance meantime, who welcomed him kindly as Marian's betrothed, and sung her praises till he tired.

"I should imagine your other niece, Miss Vercey, would be your favorite," he remarked.

"Who, Mamie? That spoiled child?" in a tone which said there could be no comparison.

And there could be none, Laurence repeated in his own heart. Love is not always blind.

He thought of Marian in the whirl of fashionable excitement, and his heart sickened.

He was beginning to wonder what the end would be, when it suddenly came. Came after a day's pic nic—returning late from which some chance separated their boat from the rest of the party, and they found themselves, with night closing down and the mists exhaling from the miles of marsh lands, lost amid the tracery of creeks which permeated it.

The curling mists became a thick fog which completely closed them in, while the damp, chill, weird and brooding silence all about them, had their effect as the time went on.

"There is no use beating about," said Laurence, at length, as he drew in his oars. "I only get off one point of ground on to another. There's no finding the river while we can't see a yard before us. Are you afraid, Miss Vercey?"

"Afraid—appalled! Oh, Lawrence, how awful it is to know oneself on the verge of the infinite! People do die of exposure and cold like this, do they not?"

"Oh, no, I hope not," he tried to say cheerfully, though pierced to the marrow by the deadly chill. "Heaven knows!" he broke off, "whatever lies between us, I am going to tell you, as I would if we were really facing death, that I love you, and you alone. It would be easier for me to believe that we would die here together now than look forward to living my life without you. Oh, I know I am bound to Marian, but these words do her no wrong, I am nothing to her but a name. And to you—Mamie, my darling, what am I to you?"

She was shivering in his arms. In the wretchedness, misery, and anxiety of the hour any disposition to trifle with and blind him was gone.

"Oh Laurence, *I* am Marian. You were so determined to mistake and misjudge me. Oh, Laurence, Laurence, to think you should ask me to be your wife, and then not know me when we met!"

She dropped a few hysterical tears upon his shoulder, while he sat simply stunned, only finding his voice to ask, hoarsely:

"Then, are you *my* Marian?"

"Yours. Oh, Laurence—once more—I ought not to tell you, but I gave you my heart, such as it is, when I gave you my promise."

And, meantime, a breath of wind was stirring the fog. It broke it into rifts, and stripped it in long lines from the smoking water; and Laurence, getting his senses back again, made her help him row until the blood was circulating again warmly in her veins. Then, as the wind freshened, the whole fog lifted and melted away. In due time they found the moon-lit river and a score of anxious searchers after them; and for the rest, Laurence has a better opinion of his mother's judgment than ever he had before.

Think, Act.

"Old men for counsel, young men for action," is a time-honored axiom. It is founded on the consideration that the aged who have seen much of the world may be presumed to have profited by their long observation, and to have grown cautious and wise, while to the hot blood of youth action is natural. But in very many of the affairs of life the young are called to act without convenient opportunity to consult their elders, and, not unfrequently, in reference to matters of much moment. It is desirable that in such cases they should act wisely. How can they do it? We answer in a single word—"Think." Think—not afterward, not when it is too late, not when the notion is past; but think beforehand. "Look before you leap," as Franklin quaintly expressed it, having derived the lesson from an unsuccessful attempt to leap over a ditch, which a look at its width beforehand would have prevented.

M. S.

PRIMITIVE BREAD.—The most primitive way of making bread was to soak the grain in water, subject it to pressure, and then dry it by natural or artificial heat. An improvement upon this was to pound the grain in a mortar or between two flat stones, before moistening and heating. A rather more elaborate bruising or grinding of the grain leads to such simple forms of bread as the oat cakes of Scotland, which are prepared by moistening oatmeal with water containing some common salt, kneading with the hands upon a baking board, rolling the mass into a thin sheet and heating it before a good fire. Such bread is unleavened, no leaven being added to the dough to excite fermentation.

Solovieff, the would be assassin of the Czar, is a son of a groom in the household of the Grand Duchess Catherine. After leaving St. Petersburg University, he became a teacher. He first fell under the notice of the authorities in course of inquiries into the Socialistic intrigues. He disappeared during the inquiries, and was not heard of until he made the attempt on the Czar's life.

An axe was given to a maniac in an Indiana asylum, with which to chop wood. Of course he killed a fellow patient.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE NIMBUS IN PAINTING.—The glory or nimbus drawn by painters round the heads of saints, angels, and holy men, and the circle of rays on images were adopted from the Cæsars and their flatterers, by whom they were used in the first century.

A RUSSIAN MARRIAGE.—One of the most ruinous habits of the Russian peasant is displayed at marriage celebrations. A peasant, to celebrate the marriage of his son, procures twenty five gallons of whisky, to get money for which he sells his horse cow, or pig, and is ready to become a pauper. He cannot resist the practice, for custom requires that the population of the village—men, women and children—must get drunk.

THE FAN.—In India and China the original model of the fan is said to have been the wing of a bird; and an admirable fan can always be made from two bird's wings, joined by a strip of wood. The fan of the high priests of Isis was in the form of a half circle, made of feathers of different lengths. Such too were the fans carried in triumphal processions, and which among the Egyptians served as military standards in time of war. The Sibyls are said to have been in the habit of fanning themselves as they delivered their oracles, the fan being evidently not regarded in those days as in any way connected with frivolity; and even now, not in the East alone, but in Europe, the fan plays an important part in certain religious ceremonies.

FOOD IN SWEDEN.—The habit of lunching in the very presence of dinner, or going to a side table and eating your fill of anchovies, raw herrings, smoked beef, and cold eel pie while dinner is on the very table still prevails, and is hardly conducive to health. It is said that the habit of taking a "sup," as the Swedes call it, arose from the scarcity of delicacies. It was hard to get enough of any one nice thing to make a meal of, so you were first delicately innuendoed off to the brandy table (as it is called), and then allowed to sit down to dinner. The practice is universal in Sweden. Private houses, hotels, and boarding-houses all feed you on preliminary scraps, and woe be to you if innocently you turn from the proffered luncheon! You fare like an ascetic, and feed yourself on odors.

COLORS AND THEIR ORIGIN.—Late in the thirteenth century oil painting originated in Italy and other portions of Europe. The imperial collection at Vienna contains the earliest authentic painting, executed in 1297. Ultramarine, produced by grinding into fine powder the beautiful mineral, lapis lazuli, found in the mountainous portions of northern Persia, came into use in the eleventh century, and four or five hundred years later was introduced into Europe. As late as 1847 it sold for forty dollars per pound, but now, such has been the advancement in the arts, it is bought for thirty cents per pound, and used very extensively. Soluble glass, silicate of soda, came into use as a vehicle for paints in 1842. Analine colors, lakes of a beautiful red, violet, and the other colors of the rainbow were introduced in 1860, but they are not permanent colors on exposure.

ROSES.—There are an infinite variety of stories about roses. When Milton was blind, the Duke of Buckingham, who visited him, observed that his wife was a rose. The lady had a fine high temper, and so Milton answered that doubtless she was, for he could feel her thorns. Frederick the Great was walking in the gardens of Potsdam with Voltaire, and asked the amazing Frenchman for a rose. He picked one, and presented it to the king with the remark that it had grown beneath his Majesty's laurels. Luther had a rose graven on his seal. A rose tree in Roxburgh Park marks the place where James II. of Scotland died. At Santiago, in Chili, whenever a stranger is received in a house, each of the ladies of the family offers him a rose. To show the preference which Mdme de Genlis entertained for old men above old women, she was fond of saying that oaks improved with time, but roses faded.

GLOVES AND PINS.—In former times gloves were very common as New Year's gifts. For many hundred of years after their introduction into England in the tenth century they were worn only by the most opulent classes of society and hence constituted a valuable present. They are often named in old records. Exchange of gloves was at one period a mode of investure into possession of property, as among the ancient Jews was that of a shoe or sandal; and "glove money, is to this day presented by High Sheriffs to the officers of their courts upon occasion of a maiden assize or one in which no cause is tried. Pins, which at the commencement of the sixteenth century displaced the wooden skewers previously in use, became a present of similar consequence; and at their first introduction were considered of so much importance in female dress that "pin-money" grew into the denomination of dower, which, by the caution of parents or justice of a consort was settled upon a lady at her marriage.

THE TASK.

BY A. Y. R.

Life's school has many tasks we all must learn,
Lessons of faith and patience, hope and love;
Knowledge of bitter taste, and wisdom stern
Of fires, the temper of our steel to prove:
Much of forbearance gathering years must teach,
And charity, with her angelic face,
Gentling the judgment, softening the speech,
Gives time its surest aid and grief its grace.

Hardest of all the masters we must hear,
Experience with cold eyes and measured voice,
Bids us, who hold young lives supremely dear,
Beware, ere molding them to suit our choice;
Warning: "The sky smiles blue, smooth shows the path,
Promise no sunshine, guide no wavering foot,
The loveliest valley hides the seeds of death
The poison lurks deep in the fairest fruit."

Leave the young hearts to Nature and to God,
Leave the young tendrils where they will to twine;
Where violets blossom, and white snowdrops nod,
Fall April dews, where April's sunlights shine;
Gather the ripened corn, if yet some years
Are left for faltering hand and patient care,
But for the darlings of decaying years,
Leave them alone in all save love and prayer.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER LIII.

IT was Michael Polgrain's intention to restore her child to Lady Crehylls himself, but the danger in which the Penkivel was placed hindered the fulfilment of his design. That the boy was Aubrey Crehylls he never doubted from the moment that his nephew Martin informed him of the arrival of the real Alfred Singleton at St. Eglon's Hut. Therefore, while Alice slept, and the Penkivel neared the shores of France, he sought Madeline, and with his pale eyes fixed upon her face, he told her of his discovery of the boy in the wood of Crehylls, and his subsequent illness at Grace Chagwynne's.

"And where is the child now?" asked Madeline, in a voice full of fear and anguish.

"Safe with true friends of mine," answered Michael. "I took him for one cruise for his health's sake; then fearing such a life as ours would do him no good, I left him a fortnight ago, in good hands."

For the first time through all her agony Madeline burst into tears, covering her face with her hands, and weeping passionately, with an intense feeling of relief and thankfulness, which lifted from her heart some portion of its intolerable burden of remorse and shame. The child was living, he was well, he would be restored to his mother! She was permitted the rarest of human blessings, the power to repair a wrong; she was spared that worst of human woes, the agony of feeling that remorse was vain, and that an evil done was an evil forever. The shrinking horror, which had seemed to shrivel up her very heart, relaxed its hold upon her, and her tears of repentance fell like a comforting rain upon her parched soul. She had thought of the forlorn little wanderer, the victim of her rash judgment, with a terror of mind bordering on madness; she had pictured him to herself in every shape of misery that human wretchedness can wear—living, dying, dead—and in each new suffering reproaching her for the martyrdom he bore.

"I meant justice and not murder, either of body or of soul," she kept crying to herself, as her unwilling thoughts went out after the child in his lonely flight. But now the suspense, the doubt, the terror, weighing on her soul were flung aside, like a burden laid down, and she drew her breath again freely, if not with absolute joy. And in this spirit, she confessed to Michael all those facts respecting Aubrey Crehylls which have been already related, with this difference—that she was still too proud to throw any of the blame on those two men, who were the actual perpetrators of the fraud. She had consented to it, aided it, thought it just; therefore the crime was hers. While she had deemed it justice she had upheld the deed; now she knew it injustice, she abhorred it; but because her views, her opinions, her very heart, as it were, were changed, she would not therefore deny her sin, or lay it on the shoulders of her tempters. Truly they had digged a trap for her, into which she had fallen; but if she had not walked into their paths, the snare might have been laid in vain.

"Neither my pride, nor my honor, nor my sense of justice," she wrote to Maurice, "has saved me from crime; and since pride would hold me back from sin, false pride shall not spare me the shame and agony of confession. I have committed a fraud,—I have joined in a conspiracy with Richard Rathline and the Duke de Briancourt to deprive Lady Crehylls of her child. The boy lives, and is in the custody of Michael Polgrain, from whose hands I entreat you to take him, and restore him to his mother. In my letter to her, you will find all those details and particulars, which I have not the courage to relate to you; and when you have read this sad history, Maurice, you will understand why I dared not accept your love. A woman in the power of two such accomplices as Rathline and de Briancourt was not free, either to love, or to be loved. And yet it was not my fear of these two men which hindered me from putting my hand in yours; it was the remnant of honor left to me which told me, I was no fitting wife for a good man. I could not come to you conscience-laden, and with a secret on my soul which I should never dare ask you to share; therefore, though I loved you, or rather let me say, because I loved you, I would not be your wife. If in my blindness, when I justified myself in my own eyes, I would not do you that wrong, how much less must I dare to hope for that love now, when I know myself what I am! Then, dear Maurice, let me say farewell. Henceforth I must live alone. But in whatsoever lands I wander, solitary, remember this always, that I bear with me my deep and steadfast love for you. I have been as firm in my love as in my hate; the persistence with which I held to my revenge—you see I give my so called justice its true name now—made me hold also to the one deep dear affection of my life. But the same rashness of judgment, the same presumption which dared weigh God's justice in my poor human balance, and find it wanting, weighed your love likewise, Maurice, and declared it light and worthless;—ignorantly declared it so, not knowing how jealousy transforms a man. Thus on that same rock—rash judgment—have I wrecked my love, my life, my happiness. Oh Maurice dear Maurice! it is always safe and wise to forgive; for if we knew all, we might see innocence where we deemed there was only guilt; or, having fuller insight, we might look even on sin with the infinite tenderness of pity. Therefore, I, who have learned this lesson too late, I, who have never forgiven any one, stretch out my arms to you imploringly, beseeching you to forgive all the long, long pain laid upon your life through me. Most of all, I entreat you to forgive me for being unworthy of your love; but as for me, I can never forgive myself. I carry into my exile this sting, that the wasted affection between you and me, which lies dead, might have lived, and made the desert of life, stretching now bleak before me, a garden of roses, a fragrant path filled with the blessings of peace. As I walk through the lonely and barren wilderness whither my sin drives me, I shall think of this garden that might have been—I shall think of the pleasant paths where, hand in hand with you, I might have walked at ease, cheered by the voices of my children, as I went down into the valley of sere leaves and shadows. Oh Maurice! my dear and only love, I can say no more. My tears break forth, and their salt is bitter to me. I go into the sad and lonely exile, to which I condemned one more righteous than myself, and there in the desert I shall strive, and pray, and hope, that even unto me a message of peace may come at last. Do not forget me, Maurice, nor remember me too bitterly, lest, feeling your hatred from afar, I sink into despair and die. If there be any sorrow yet to come, any grief yet to be heaped upon my over burdened heart, it lies in this word—Farewell."

Madeline's letter to Lady Crehylls was even more contrite, more passionately humble than the one she penned to Maurice, but it was never seen nor read by any but herself.

"Will this letter be necessary to prove my boy's identity?" asked Lady Crehylls of Maurice. "I hope not," he answered in a bitter tone.

She glanced at him pitifully. "It shall not," she said, generously. And tearing the letter in pieces, she thrust them in the fire and watched them consume away.

"I will not owe the restoration of my son to Madeline's misery and Madeline's shame," she continued firmly. "She has caused me bitter sorrow, but I do not forget that my mistaken jealousy deprived her of your love, and made her life a waste. Our sins and our mistakes are bound up together, as the errors of all are, and therefore we must take our sorrows from each other's hands likewise. So tell her, Maurice that I have but one wish—to exchange forgiveness with her. If her father was not guiltless, neither was mine, and we have both had to bear the legacy of woe they left us. She must not blame herself too deeply in that she believed her father. I also believed mine. And if through her, my husband died in exile, I can never forget that through me and mine she also is a widow. I can never forget that she bears the name of the gentle, brave man who perished to save my child."

Lady Crehylls finished with tears, and Maurice, reading on her pale face all her eagerness to behold her son again, hurried his departure in quest of Michael. This conversation took place at Crehylls, whither Agatha had come at Maurice's request. As for him, as he departed on his journey, Madeline's letter of farewell lay heavy on his heart. The miles seemed long and weary which divided him from his hope of seeing Michael, from whom he longed feverishly to hear further details of Madeline's intentions, when she quitted the Penkivel, to land on a strange shore. He was resolved to follow her, and save her, not only from herself, but from the relentless persecution of her mad lover, who, he felt assured, would pursue her now with a fierce and more determined passion, springing from his disappointment.

Maurice traveled as fast as four horses could take him, being resolved to outfly the duke, who, beneath the wings of the Revenue cutter, was in hot pursuit of the Penkivel.

* * * * *

About two miles east of Marazion there lies a sequestered rocky cove, which still bears the name of "Prussia Cove," in remembrance of the remarkable man, and keen smuggler, whose resemblance to the king of that country had procured for him the appellation of "King of Prussia." It was he who monopolised the smuggling trade of the West; and the chief seat of his business was the cove in question. Curious searchers may still find the deep channels cut in the solid rock to allow of the approach of their boats, made by those brave but illicit traders, proving that they permitted no amount of hard and difficult work to stand in the way of the success of their undertakings.

The "King of Prussia" was lucky in his ventures. Although his premises were visited often by the excise officers, he rarely failed to receive from one of his numerous adherents some intimation of the approaching honor; and the result for them was ever an ignominious failure. Nevertheless, the "king's" stock was sometimes very large; but then so also are the many smugglers' holes or caves in the neighborhood, which at that time were so carefully concealed, and the secret of their entrances so sacredly kept, that to search for them was a hopeless and useless task. Into the caves many a cargo, of a dark night, was carried safely and here the kegs remained until such time as the "king" could dispose of them without fear.

It was to this rugged, keen man, whose powerful intellect and daring bravery had veritably made him a king among his followers, that Maurice Pellew brought credentials from old Chagwynne, and other secret and sure friends of the fraternity on the coast.

"You want to go on board the Penkivel?" said "Prussia," fixing his dark eyes on Maurice. "Well, I won't say it can't be done, but it will be difficult. Michael, for some whim of his own, ran the schooner out to sea, and now she is come back, there is such a sharp look out for her, that it will be hard work to pass the watchers, and get a man on board to give him warning and orders."

"Let me go," said Maurice. "I am not known, and shall therefore not be suspected by any of the men on the watch."

"The matter stands thus," returned the "king." "The Penkivel, warned by a signal fire, kept out to sea all yesterday and last night, but to-night, in obedience to another beacon on the hills, she has put into a certain cove, and waits for a messenger from me, to hear when and where she can land her cargo. Now it is true that I and my men are pretty well known, and a boat with a known face in it is certain to be followed; but you, as a stranger, will be let pass; so if you like to be my messenger, you may board the Penkivel; if not, you must wait till her cargo is safe landed."

Maurice was too eager to see Michael Polgrain, not to close instantly with this offer. The old smuggler king treated him with perfect confidence; the letters he had brought him, and the information which he gave of the cutter's pursuit, being assurances of his good faith.

"So there's a furrin dook, is there, aboard the cutter?" observed his majesty. "Well, if he ventures into my cove he'll get a warm welcome."

When night fell Maurice departed in a little fishing boat, an old man being his only companion. Here and there, like a gleam of faint moonlight, or a streak of foam on the waves, glided the white boats of the coast-guard service, bearing down upon them silently and suddenly, then darting away again. Past Newlyn and Mousehole, and further still to the west, where the huge cliffs grow and heighten and throw their giant shadows on the sea, till the biggest giant on the coast rears his rugged head before them, and like a pigmy they stand in the face of the mighty Tol-pedn-penwith. Sailing in the blackness of his Titanic shadow, their boat darts quickly to the left, and in a moment glides beneath the smaller rocks into smoother water entering, by a narrow and dangerous way, a tiny cove, so sheltered and hidden by towering cliffs that passing ships on the sea without would rarely guess its secret. Here, like a sudden spectre, Maurice sees a tall ship, with sails half furled, and a dim light shining at her bow. There was a thin rain falling now, and a slight mist like a veil covered the water, and hung chill and vapory upon the great cliffs. Under cover of this they glide close to the vessel, apparently unperceived, for the men upon the boat never turned their eyes toward the approaching boat, nor threw out a rope, nor uttered a cry. Michael's pale face alone was set toward them, ashen-gray and deathly in the faint moonlight, looking down into the sea steadfastly, without a smile. Then the old fisherman rowing the bow oar slipped it out of the rowlock, and stood up on the forethwarts, ready to spring on board; and as the vessel in the mist swung round slightly, he made a grasp at her bulwarks. But his hand found nothing, and had not Maurice sprung up and caught him, he must have fallen back into the sea. As this happened, the ship, the light, the crew, and Michael's cold white face all vanished, and the boat was alone in the small bay with the darkness and the rain. Amazed, and like one in a dream, Maurice gazed around and peered into the soft, rolling mist, with eyes vainly striving to pierce its secrets.

"That was the "Penkivel," he said eagerly. "Where is she?"

In that silence, where no sound reached the ear but the gentle fall of the soft rain upon the sea, his voice seemed harsh and unnatural, and he scarcely wondered that the old fisherman's answer was spoken in a quiet whisper.

"That was no living ship," he said, bending forward and wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Once afore I saw a ship like that. She was alongside of our craft for miles as we comed down Channel; and we hailed her ever so many times, but got no answer. When we turned into St. Ives Bay she was so close, I saw her captain's face plainer than I see yourn now; then she vanished all t' waunce. But I know'd the cap'en again when I seed 'un the next day."

"Where, how did you see him again?" asked Maurice, eagerly.

"I saw 'un lying dead upon St. Ives sands," said the old man. "His ship was wrecked in the bay and all hands lost."

He took up the oars again, after silently adjusting the sail which had helped their course, and, going forward a few furlongs, they rounded a rocky point, and discovered an inner bay, more silent, more lonely, more secluded than the first. Here, as though hidden from all human ken, lay the "Penkivel," darkly visible and real, yet in all things resembling the phantom, or mirage, in the outer bay.

As the boat neared the ship, and Michael's pale face met them looking down from the bulwarks, Maurice half expected to see the vision vanish again. Knowing the superstition of the man, he bent and whispered in the old fisher's ear that perhaps it would be wise not to name to him, and to the crew, that they had met without the spectre of the Penkivel.

"Not to the crew," replied the old man, "will I say a word; but I am bound to tell the cap'en."

An instant more, and Maurice, with the aid of an outstretched hand, found himself on deck.

"You are welcome, Mr. Pellew," said Michael, stepping forward. "Do you bring us good news or ill?"

"I bring you orders to land your cargo to-night," returned Maurice. "I scarcely know if you reckon that good news or bad."

"Good," said Michael. "The men are weary of lying here idle."

"But you run a great risk," continued Maurice, "for the Preventive boats are out, although the cutter, beguiled by false news, is gone to the Lizard."

"And is our foreign friend on board the cutter?" asked Michael. "If so, I am afraid false news won't beguile her long. That duke is a man not easily deceived. But with double speed we may escape him yet."

Burning to ask a thousand questions respecting Madeline, Maurice nevertheless stood quietly aloof as the "King of Prussia's" messenger, the old fisherman, repeated his master's directions to Michael. And no sooner were these given than sails were set, and the Penkivel, steered by her captain's hand, crept slowly on her dangerous path, through the rocky cove to the outer bay. Here she lay safely on the waves like a great sea-bird, with white wings flapping faintly in the still night, scarcely visible by the light of the dim stars.

"The king is right," said Michael, as he relinquished the helm to his nephew; "we shall not get such a night as this again—a fair wind, steady to the point as a rock, a moonless sky, and smooth water. It would be a shame to lose such weather because the shadow of a cutter may cross our path. Mr. Pellew, I can give you ten minutes of my time, if you will come to the cabin with me."

Maurice followed him with a beating heart, but to all his eager questions Michael gave but one answer:—"Miss Sherborne went ashore at St. Malo, meaning there to help the poor Germans, who, ignorant of French, craved her assistance. Having now made to Lady Crehylls all the attonement yet in her power, she felt her presence was not needed, and she never intended to set her feet on English ground again."

Whether she would remain at St. Malo, or shortly leave it, Michael could not say, but he thought the latter, because she seemed

to be in deadly fear of the Duke de Briancourt, and would certainly remove from a place whither there was a chance of his tracing her.

"But," continued Michael, "she will surely write to you or to Miss Rathline in London, and tell you her address, and her future plans?"

Maurice doubted that; nevertheless, on this small hope he was forced to comfort himself.

"As for the young Lord Crehylls," resumed Michael, "my heart was fixed on bringing him myself to his mother, but you say my lady is at Crehylls now, and it won't be safe for me to take the Penkivel to that bay. It's my fault that the ship lies in danger. I took her to sea on work of my own, which it was written long ago should fall into my hands, and thereby, Miss Sherborne being with me, I have gained for the good ship a cruel enemy in this duke. It is my duty then to stand by her, I having run her into danger, so I give up the pleasure to you of restoring the child to his mother. And if you have half the joy in it, Mr. Pellew, that I should feel, you'll be well rewarded." Michael's dim eyes grew full of sudden tears, and he wiped them away, half ashamed of his weakness. "I loved his father," he said, in apology. "I loved him too well. I hid the truth when I should have spoken it, and so, in false kindness, I brought ruin on him, and all this sorrow followed." Then he gave Maurice the name and address of the kindly farmer, in whose house the little Aubrey was safely sheltered. And scarcely was this done, when the old fisherman, with a grave face, entered the cabin and sat down by Michael's side.

"If there's arra waun dear to ee a board this craaft,, Michael," he said, "I reckon you'd do well to let un go ashore to-night, for this ship is doomed and aal her crew."

"I hope not, Uncle Zeke," responded Michael. "The Penkivel will float many a year yet, I reckon."

"I tell 'ee, Michael, she'll go down into the sea afore tha world es a week older," persisted the old man. "There was two Penkivels to be seen to night, waun made of timber good and true, and waun from the land of shadows, that shipwright's hammer never touched."

Here Maurice interposed, seeking to explain how mist, rain and sea might combine to form a mirage, or image to the eye, of the real Penkivel, which was hidden from them by the cliffs. But his words fell on unheeding ears. The spirits of the men to whom he spoke were tuned in harmony to the wild scenery and weird traditions among which they lived, and the wonders of nature shadowed their souls with an awe which the denizens of cities can rarely feel.

"Maybe you are right, sir," said Michael humbly. "I wouldn't gainsay the word of a scholard like you; but because 'tis in nature such things should be, it doesn't follow that they are not sent for tokens, and for warnings to them that can read such signs. The rainbow is common every Summer, but he is blind indeed who can't read the message its arch points upon the sky."

"But the bow brings a promise and an assurance to all," cried Maurice. "Oh Michael, you are too superstitious."

"To all!" persisted Michael; "yes, I know that; but if each one does not take it home to himself, it is worth nothing. Now you tell me this shadow of my ship, which you have seen, is natural, there is nothing uncommon or wonderful in it. Well, I believe that too; for why should I, more than other men, hope to a miracle wrought for me, to show me that the end is near? But I can take it humbly, as a token sent to me, and say in trembling God's will be done." As Michael spoke the old fisherman grasped his hand, and wrung it with sudden fervor.

"Wherever, or whenever you pass away, Michael, you'll go like a brave man, as you have lived," said he; "but if so be you reckon this calling you follow isn't good for the soul, leave it Michael, while there is yet time."

"Would you have me desert my ship when the shadow of her wreck is painted on the sea?" asked Michael. "I tell ee there never lived a thing 'pon the land or 'pon the water that I 've loved as I have the Penkivel; and if I thought it was for me she was doomed, that for the deed I have done she must sink in the sea, to be cleansed from the stain I have put upon her, then, like Jonah, I would pray to be cast out of her, that the rest might be spared."

"Ef you feel like that, Michael, sosa," said the old man, "don't ee go with tha Penkivel pon her next run. Seemin' to me 'twould be whisht to bring a doom upon aal which was meant annly for thee."

These words appeared to have a great effect upon Michael's superstitious mind. "I love my ship better than my life," said he; "and sooner than be the Jonah to bring tha storm on her, I'd die ashore like a lubber; and I can't think tis permitted to me to die at sea like a man; for the word sent to me the other day said I should be sought for, and never found again; and, looking for another message, I lighted on a harder one."

Here, in an awed tone, Michael repeated the verse: "When I shall bring thee down with them that descend into the pit, with the people of old time, and shall set thee in the low parts of the earth, in places desolate of old, with them that go down to the pit."

"And the message is one," he continued solemnly, "for the words first sent follow after these. Martin showed me the chapter and verse."

"Uncle!" cried Martin's voice, "you are wanted on deck."

Maurice sprang up the ladder first, and for a moment could perceive no cause for Martin's sudden call. But bearing down upon them through the darkness, from the eastern side of Mount Bay, was a little cloud, which seemed rising from the sea; and pointing to this, Martin whispered, ominously, "The Revenue cutter"

"Ah, I thought so," returned Michael, nietly. "That foreigner is not a man to be deceived very long by false news. We must make a run for it, my men. I think the night is dark enough for us to escape, even if the cutter had a cat at the helm."

And apparently she had; for creeping along steadily she gradually intercepted the path of the Penkivel to her shelter in Prussia Cove, and cut off also her course to the Lizard, should she attempt to flee in that direction. As with all sails set, she turned suddenly and bore down upon them, the fate of the smugglers seemed certain. Then came a flash of light, and a ball ricochetted over the waves far astern of the Penkivel.

"A miss is as good as a mile," said young Martin complacently. "But they'll fire better soon."

His words were verified, for a second and third shot flew towards the doomed Penkivel, striking the water close upon her bow.

"Michael you must surrender," said Maurice in a low voice. "You must not return the cutter's fire; it will be death to all of you, if you do."

"I wish we had a gun on board," said Michael, gloomily; "they shouldn't sink us then like kittens in a tub. Will no one fire a shot for the Penkivel?"

As if in answer to his cry, a sharp flash leaped from the cliff, and the report of a gun followed; and, in rapid succession came another and another, pressing the cutter hard, as with spars hanging useless she tacked and fired on her new foe.

For an instant the crew of the Penkivel remained breathless with amazement, then they burst into a simultaneous cry—"Hurrah for the King of Prussia! He has brought out his guns, and he'll beat the cutter as sure as there's sat in the sea!"

It was a short but sharp engagement. The old cannon which the daring smuggler had brought to the edge of the cliff were too much for the cutter, and she was fairly beaten off. The smoke which rolled over the bay added intensity to the darkness, and under cover of this the Penkivel was able to give her enemy a wide berth, as, disabled and angry, the cutter crept into the harbor of Penzance.

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The next morning when Maurice awoke from his short slumber beneath the hospitable Prussia's roof, he might have taken the drama of the night for some strange dream, but for the too vivid memory he bore of the singular scene at which he had assisted. He knew the Penkivel and her daring crew were far away in safety; nevertheless he hurried down in some alarm on hearing angry voices below. On the ground outside the house he saw a group of men—three or four of the cutter's crew, the lieutenant commanding her, and the Duke de Briancourt.

Towards these the "king" strode in pretended fury.

"What do you mean, sir," he cried to the lieutenant, "by practising the cutter's guns at midnight so near my house? Are my family to have no rest? Is there no daylight to work your guns in that you must come prowling along shore at night, to disturb peaceable people?"

The bewildered naval officer stared at him for a moment in silence, and then, according to the fashion of the time, swore horribly, but the Duke de Briancourt laughed and raised his hat politely to the cunning smuggler king.

"Mr. Pellew, I congratulate you on your friend," he said. "I confess that with such an enemy against us, we had small chance of success. I no longer marvel the victory was with you."

"What are you talking about?" asked the "king" with an air of puzzled ignorance. "Gentlemen, if you are come to make one of your usual visits to my premises, you had better begin your search at once."

The search was made, of course without avail, and except for the trampled ground upon the cliff's edge, there was not a single trace or mark of the night's engagement. The cutter swinging lazily in the bay below looked less innocent by far than did the premises of the "king." When her young commander and his men had departed, irate and silent, the duke came forward and saluted Maurice again.

"Mr. Pellew," he said, "you must be aware that I have no enmity against your friends the smugglers, but there was a lady on board the Penkivel who is my affianced wife, and I demand to know where she is. I have a right to protect her, and I will."

"I deny your right," replied Maurice, "either to molest Mrs. Singleton, or to question me."

Raising his hat slightly, Maurice passed him, and entered the house. The duke gazed after him with a look of concentrated hatred and jealousy, then he turned, and scanned the face of the smuggler king, deciding instantly that to question him would be a hopeless task.

"It matters little," he said to himself, as he turned on his heel, "whether this man or another answers me and takes my bribe. I have sworn to win this woman, and I will. Now I swear further, that this puny lover, whom she prefers to me, shall never see her face again."

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"Martin is my sister's son," said Michael, "and I'm bound to save his life. You shall take him home to his mother, and that being off my mind, I can bear the sorrow there is to come, let it be what it may."

Maurice would not argue with a rooted superstition, so he shook Michael by the hand and wished him a kindly good-bye without uttering a further protest against his belief in the "warning" which he fancied he had received.

"We shall meet again, I trust, Michael," he said. "You will bring the Penkivel round to St. Eglon's and see Lady Crehylls, and the child who owes so much to your kindness. It is fair you should witness the happiness you have helped to make."

Michael smiled wistfully. "I will come if I live," he said, in his quiet, earnest voice. "Martin, sonny, wait for me at mother's for a week; then, if you don't see me, you may reckon that the token was true, and that I'm gone to the distant land whither we all travel and whence none return."

"I won't hark to such whisht fancies," cried young Martin. "You'll bring the Penkivel round to St. Eglon's next week, uncle."

"No, my son; the Penkivel will go her next voyage without me," returned Michael "Why should I bring ill-luck and death upon the ship I love? Ever since I looked down upon Mathew Carbis's dead face, and saw the sun rise next day, dull and leaden as of old, I've felt I was a doomed man. Good-bye, sosa! good bye!"

The boat in which Maurice Pellew and Martin were going to sail to the farmer's at Mouschole, glided softly away over the smooth sea, while Michael stood upon the sands and waved his hand to them in farewell. It was thus Maurice ever remembered him in after years, with the sun shining down brightly on the dim eyes and grave, gray face, which he never beheld again.

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The days were short, and from various delays at the farm, it so happened that it was already dark when Maurice with his charge rowed from Mouschole to Penzance.

"What is that strange light shining on the cliff?" asked the little Aubrey of Maurice.

It was a peculiar phosphorescent light, and his attention being directed towards it, Maurice gazed at it with some curiosity.

"That's always to be seen of a dark night, sir," said one of the boatmen; "but what it is I can't say. We caal tha plaace 'Gurmer's Hole;' but tha truth is, 'tis an ould mine; and tha ould men's workings, so they say, are to be see'd there still."

"What do you mean by the old men's workings?" asked Maurice.

"Tha ould tinners, sir—Jews, some say they was, or Saracens—tha ancient men of ould times, sir, who knowed tin as well as we do, I reckon. Many time in tha ould workings we come upon their pickaxes and their gads; but they crumble to pieces when we touch 'em. This is an ould adit, sir, where the light shines—a desolate plaace now, whisht and ghastly; a plaace desolate long afore my day, worked by the people of oule times when they dug for tin; but hadn't shaafts like we have now, I reckon."

His words seemed to Maurice like an echo of something lately heard; and, almost unconsciously, he repeated to himself the verse Michael had rehearsed on board the Penkivel.

"Folks say aal them ould mines are haunted," continued the boatman. "Tha miners hear tha ould tinners at work often and often. They call them Knockers' now."

"The light is gone!" said the child suddenly in an awed voice.

It was true, and a second afterwards the sound of a heavy fall echoed across the bay.

"There's a huge piece of the cliff fallen!" cried Martin, in excitement. "Let's row along faster. I feel whisht as a dry well."

Maurice, too, felt a curious shudder through all his frame, and he was glad when the lights of Penzance flashed on the limpid water around them.

The next day, as we have seen, Aubrey Crehylls was restored to his mother.

Martin waited a week, and many a week at his mother's, but Michael Polgrain came no more to his old haunts, and his face was never seen again by living man. He was sought for eagerly for many a month; then gradually the search ceased, and he was counted as dead, as "become like them that go down into the pit."

CHAPTER LIV.

IF Maurice Pellew lingered for a few days before commencing his sad search for Madeline, it was because he trusted her promised letter to Alice, addressed to her own house in London, would give him some hope, or at least some clue, by which he might discover to what refuge she had wandered in her forlorn despair. But he was disappointed; the letter, evidently written by a great effort, contained only the dry details of business. In it she formally relinquished her guardianship of Alfred to her sister, and to her new found cousin Charles Trafford jointly, carefully explaining where and how his property was invested, and referring them to Mr Brydges, kind, gentle Tom Singleton's friend, for further information and aid. All the furniture of her house in London she gave to Alice, requesting her only to keep her pictures and a few of her books for her sake. Her desk was to be given to Maurice. In it he found his old letters, worn and tear-stained, and many and many a little gift treasured up, which he had given to her, when she was a child at school. These proofs of her love, which she had cherished so long, and in such sorrowful silence, moved him to bitter tears, and he felt that, with all her faults, she was the one sole love of his life—the only human being who had seized his whole heart in youth, to hold it forever, through care, and sorrow, and age, even unto death.

All through London, at Madeline's agent's, and banker's, and lawyer's, he searched vainly for news of her. Only at the banker's he heard they had remitted to her, at St Malo, all the money they held of hers. Thither he proceeded, and found the Duke de Briancourt.

"*A la bonne heure*," said the duke, speaking French naturally on French soil, "You and I, Mr. Pellew, are apparently on the same quest. But on your part it is useless, for when a woman makes a promise to me, she keeps it," he concluded, with fierce emphasis.

"She shall never keep a promise wrung from her so cruelly," retorted Maurice, with indignation. "She is fleeing now from you and for fear of you. For years you have pursued her relentlessly, surrounding her as with a web. And lastly, when she was driven to bay, through the snare which you had set for her, you step in with your false help, which you sell her at a price which she shall never, never pay, while I have an arm to defend her."

"We shall see," said the duke, with his face pale as death.

With this they parted; but at Paris at Vienna, and at Rome they met, with words growing ever fiercer, till at length, in a mad moment, Maurice accepted the duke's challenge,—for duelling was still the fashion of the day,—and fell wounded seriously. A long time intervened before he was able again to travel, and then he was forced to return to England to recruit his shattered health.

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In one of the unhealthy cities on the coast of South America, a woman, unknown, obscure, and friendless, had made herself remarkable during a year by her great charity—not the charity which gives money, but the greater, nobler, which spends health, energy, and time in the cause of the poor—the charity which endures and shrinks not—the charity which suffers and is kind, not heeding ingratitude or contumely, not drawing back in fear or disgust, because poverty and sickness are ugly and loathsome things. Her courage equalled her perseverance and pity. No danger of infection, no squalor, no misery deterred her from giving help where help was needed. Priest and healer—the two great comforters of human weakness—grew accustomed to her soothing presence at scenes of wretchedness and pain. She was so unassuming, so quiet and humble, and her dark dress was so uniformly plain, that it was long before her wonderful beauty attracted attention, then, while the priest marvelled at this and ascribed it to the loveliness of her spirit, the musician marvelled still more at the magnificent health which kept her beauty perfect.

It was strange how peaceful, how serenely happy Madeline Singleton became, as, living thus for others, she learned to forget herself. All murmuring, all morbid musing and self-pity, ceased in the nobler pity which flowed out from her soul towards the sorrow and the suffering ever close at her right hand. All the galling sense of injustice, all her anger at the mercy of the Great Judge who permits evil to exist, and for a time even to triumph, had departed from her spirit like a darkness rolled away. Yet her love of justice was great as ever, but it was tempered now by faith, which is the one perfect remedy for every sorrow. In her first deep humiliation, when she discovered that all which she had thought wrong was right, and the justice for which she had cried had been dealt to her, she sank down into despair. But from this death she rallied quickly. If there was justice, then God was the ruler, and the directing hand was indeed hidden beneath the wings of Chance and Time.

And thus she took comfort even from the very sorrows which had afflicted her. Since through her Lord Crehylls became an exile, and his wife was widowed, it was just that the revolving circumstances which followed should work out the same fate for her. Thus the "wheel set in the midst of a wheel" became to her the truest symbol of justice, as she saw how one event accomplishes another, and an evil deed punishes itself, and executes judgment eventually on the offender. To her mind, to recognize justice in the scheme of her life was to be at once content and contrite; and now, for the first time, she turned eagerly to that divine revelation of love and pity which hitherto had been to her only "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words but they do them not." Oh, between the hearing and the doing there yawns the great gulf of worldly covetousness and of earthly passions!

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One day in traversing one of the quays of the hot unhealthy city, Madeline witnessed the landing of a poor musician and his family. With a talent too mediocre for Europe, they had come to this distant land as a forlorn hope, but they failed here as they had there, and they sank into dire poverty. When two children had died of fever, and a third and fourth lay "sick even unto death," Madeline's great pity, add the wild entreaties of the poor musician, who had heard her sing to his sick child, made her break through her determination never to sing in public again. It was after a series of three concerts, which raised the poor family to comparative influence, that a bland, civil, smiling man, an employe in the office of the French consul, who had passed Madeline a hundred times on her missions of charity and never penetrated the beauty hidden beneath her hood, rubbed his hands now in silent glee at he penned a few hasty lines to catch the European mail.

"I have heard that glorious voice at last," he wrote. "There can be one such voice and one such face in the world. Come at once, and you will find I have earned the fortune and the place you promised."

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In singing for the poor musician, Madeline had not fancied that her listeners would recognize in her the quiet unobtrusive visitor to the poor and the sick; but she was mistaken, she was recognized by some few with wonder, and a hundred conjectures and wild stories arose respecting her. After this she found in the air and manner of the priests and physicians, whom she met by the bedsides, a certain change which galled her. Curiosity was roused her privacy was intruded on, and she resolved reluctantly to wander forth again.

It was while she deliberated on this, that a letter reached her from Maurice. It came through Mr Brydges, who remitted to her the small remnant of her income, which Mr. Rathline's rapacity had left to her, and to whom alone she had intrusted the secret of her address. He apologized for disobeying her orders in sending her a letter, Mr. Pellew's entreaty and evident ill-health having induced him to break her command. So once more she saw Maurice's writing and rained down heavy tears upon his words of love.

"If you will not return to me for your own sake," he wrote, "come for mine. I am ill and feeble, and I have need of you, as a pitying friend, if you still deny to me your love. On Madeline, in the sentence of exile you have passed upon yourself, does there not still lurk some remnant of pride? Are you not virtually saying to those who love you, 'I am doing justice on myself—I choose to suffer, because I am too proud to accept your mercy, or to take your forgiveness?' Is this gracious or loving, or kind? Did I act thus to you Madeline, when you forgave the hasty folly which led to our separation? I cannot go to you, Madeline, because you hold your abode a secret, but you can come to me, and unless all memory of our love is quenched in your heart, come quickly, lest perchance you may see my face no more."

The tone of reproach in which the letter was written moved Madeline far more than any other form of pleading could have done. In hastily deeming that Maurice would despise her when he received her confession, had she not acted rashly again? If he still loved her, in spite of all her unworthiness, she surely might yet hope to be something more to him than a dream of bitterness; she might hope to devote the rest of her life gratefully and humbly to the steadfast heart which had borne patiently with her errors so long. The instant she had resolved to return to England, she was impatient to be gone; and a postscript in Mr. Brydge's letter, which had escaped her eye, turned this impatience to a fever.

"I grieve to tell you," he said, "that Mr. Pellew's ill-health is caused by the wound he received in a duel with a foreign nobleman."

As she read this, her heart quivered with fear and pain; and the longing to be once more with Maurice ran through all her veins with the fevered and weary aching which she thought she had quenched so long.

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"The English packet sails to-morrow, at two in the morning," said the Scotch clerk in the office. "I would recommend your going on board to night, ma'am, as it will be difficult to get a boat at that hour. The ship lies outside the harbor, for fear of yellow fever, I believe."

Madeline paid her passage money and thanked him. Then she went to the quay and hired a boat and two men, desiring them to be ready at nine that evening.

This was two days after the receipt of Maurice's letter; and in this time she had bidden farewell to many poor friends, including the musician. Of late the sharp faced clerk at the French consul's had made himself very intimate with this man, calling in to chat with him every day; and it was great news to tell him of the beautiful singer's sudden departure for England in the next packet that sailed.

As Madeline ceased bargaining with the boatmen, the keen employe rose from the seat where he was lounging, and coming forward he addressed them eagerly.

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"Are you certain this is the English packet?" said Madeline, as out of the deep darkness of night the black hull of a ship loomed close upon them.

"It is all right," answered an English voice, hailing them from the deck.

Re assured by these familiar words, Madeline thought no more of her momentary doubt.

In another moment or two she was on board, and was, without delay, conducted to her cabin. It was fitted up with a luxury and an elegance so remarkable that she uttered an exclamation of surprise; but when she turned to express this wonder to her conductor she found him gone. Weary with the heat and fatigue of the day, she went at once to rest, and when she awoke the ship was out at sea.

Madeline was one of those rare women whose excellent health enables them to ignore sea sickness. When she arose in the morning all her veins were bounding with youthful strength and hope, while the fresh breeze on the sea brought to her cheeks a deeper bloom. Thus her wondrous beauty seemed to have received some new charm as standing alone in the saloon she gazed around, marvelling at its graceful furniture, books, and painted panels.

"Does it please you?" asked a sudden voice, which thrilled her very heart with fear; and with face turning to the hue of death, she confronted the Duke de Briancourt.

"Forgive me, Madeline," he continued, taking her unresisting hand, for she was too terror stricken to move. "I have been guilty of a ruse to get you on board my yacht, but there my guilt ends. Every respect due to my promised wife shall be yours."

The unhappy woman whom he had snared looked at him with wild eyes of anguish and of fear.

"And this is not the English packet?" she said slowly. "And I am here alone with you?"

"With me, and a crew devoted to me," returned the duke, with a quiet smile of triumph. "Madeline, if you have forgotten your promise, I have not. You will never leave this ship, but as my wife, and from this hour henceforth we shall never be parted for a single day."

"Heaven help me!" said Madeline, and falling on her knees, she let her face droop upon her hands in utter despair.

It would be long and weary to tell of the terrible days of fear that followed this first interview—days that increased hourly in terror, as Madeline became more and more convinced that, in spite of all the cunning with which he hid the fact, the duke was in reality a madman. The constant tension and strain upon all her faculties, which her position and her fear entailed upon her, began at last to steal away her sleep and strength. The duke's fitful moods of alternate anger and tenderness terrified her alike. Once or twice she had appealed to some of the crew, but vainly. The duke, with all the cunning of a madman, had assured them that she was mad—his mad wife, he said—and they believed him. Still, through all his relentless pursuit of her, there was the same forlorn love, respectful in the midst of its fiercest resolves, and humble and sorrowful even in its despair and jealousy. But it was so horrible to look out over the great lonely sea, and feel there was no hope and no escape, that Madeline could take small comfort from the power she still held over her mad and dangerous lover. She could only count the weary days and weeks they had yet to sail, and wonder with a shudder what would be the end.

When the Swift had been twelve days at sea, the fever the duke had avoided in the harbor, broke out among the crew. And now Madeline roused herself again to her new life of charity. The horrors that accompany sickness on board a small ship, where air and space are limited, did not deter her from her brave task. There was even a passionate relief to her in tending the sick and the dying, which soothed the agony of her thoughts, concentrated too deeply on the despair and terror in which she was held.

The duke raved and protested in vain; he could not hinder her from being the bravest, gentlest nurse on board. He was no coward himself but brave deeds, lacking all excitement, he could not understand. Yet his mad passion and fierce admiration were increased tenfold by Madeline's courage and devotion.

One day, as he sat watching her gloomily he said with a sudden outburst of rage: "Madeline, if you persist in your hatred of me, do you know what I shall do? I shall kill you. I shall poison you slowly, and watch you die. Rather a thousand times would I see you dead than take you home to a man who has not the love and courage to do what I have done—search for you all over the world."

That night Madeline doubly locked her cabin door, and kneeling down to pray, she asked, not that she might live, but that she might die in the fulfilment of duty, and not ignobly by a madman's hand. But the fear of poison remained with her, and she took her food sparingly and in trembling. And so, shut up in this pest ship, a prey to terror, debarred from rest and proper nourishment, and tormented day by day by the man she had always feared so strangely, her health began at last to fade.

Five men had fallen, and had been buried in the sea, when the fever struck her; and her frame, prepared for sickness, made no resistance to the foe.

In a few hours, she who had been so beautiful, so full of faults and yet so beloved, lay dead, looking in her eternal rest like a pale and lovely marble image of herself.

The solitary woman on board, a Brazilian, whom the duke had hired to wait on Madeline, brought him the dreadful news. He could not and would not believe the woman until he had himself looked on Madeline's white and noble face; then, without a word, he turned away and shut himself up alone with his agony for many hours.

* * * * *

Resting on chairs in the middle of the saloon, with wax lights burning around it, stood a rough coffin, made in haste. It was uncovered, and beside it leaned the Duke de Briancourt, looking down upon the folded hands, the closed eyes, and the marble lips, beautiful even in death.

"Here was a lovely face," he said to himself, in bitterness; "but her heart was harder than a rock."

"Shut this from my eyes!" he cried, with a sudden fierceness, to the men standing by him. "There are sights, I tell you, which make men go mad."

Softly and gently the men did his bidding, and moved away, leaving the duke alone with his frienzied grief, then he came forward, and leaned his hand heavily upon the lid.

"She is mine now," he said; "and Maurice Pellew shall never see her face again, living or dead."

The duke kept his word, and that night Madeline Singleton was buried in the sea. On the table in her cabin they found a paper, with these words written on it in her own firm hand:

MADELINE SINGLETON,
AGED 29,

"Righteous art thou, O Lord, in all thy dealings, and just in all thy works."

This paper the duke cruelly sent to Maurice Pellew, and he, rightly surmising her wishes, had the words engraved on a marble tablet, which hangs still in the little church at Crehylls.

* * * * *

POSTSCRIPT BY ALICE TRAFFORD.

I am asked to wind up the last mournful threads of this story. It is done in a few words.

Maurice Pellew never married. He died at the early age of thirty seven, having never fulfilled the promise of his youth, nor gratified the ambition of his friends. His mother closed his eyes, feeling, perhaps sadly, that she had helped to make her son a life a failure. From that city where Madeline had dwelt he heard of her goodness and her charity; he heard also of her intended return to England, and to him, and he guessed too well the snare into which she had fallen.

After great effort the truth was discovered, and through the interest of one high in rank a complaint was laid before the Czar. The Duke de Briancourt was insane, and lived a prisoner at a lonely fortress under the care of keepers. His physician had confessed to the Emperor that he had been mad for years, but through his great ability and cunning he had hidden his malady from the world, often shutting himself up from all eyes but those in the secret, when he felt the power of self-control leaving him.

As for myself, I am an American now, but I still love England so well that I often visit it with my husband, and we never fail then to stay a while with friends in Cornwall.

Some years ago, at one of these visits, we heard that a smugglers' cave, near an ancient adit, had been opened, and that the skeleton of a man was discovered within it, clothed in the dress which Michael Polgrain wore when I bade him farewell on the deck of the Penkivel. How he came thus to die must rest forever in this world a secret. But those who knew him best believe that in his deep superstition, being convinced that his presence would wreck the Penkivel, he had generously resolved to give up his command of her. But foreseeing how the importunities of the crew and of the "king" might shake his determination, he hid himself in the cave, intending not to quit it until the Penkivel had sailed. But on the very evening of the day on which he was last seen, a portion of the cliff fell in, and the entrance to his hiding-place was closed up forever. One consolation his friends had: the rock, beneath which he was crushed, must have killed him instantly.

Smuggling is a bygone stage now in Cornwall, and the smuggler's' caves are visited only by curious strangers, who smile and wonder and doubt as they listen to the wild tales told them of vanished men and vanished times.

A week after Michael Polgrain was missed, the Penkivel sailed for Brest. She was known to have taken in her cargo; but from that time she was heard of no more. From the date of this great loss, the smuggler king—whose real name was Carter—grew unsuccessful in his ventures. Eventually he was exchequered, and died miserably poor.

Have I told all? No, I have omitted to say that the name of the young Lady Crehylls is Lydia, and the love that she and her husband bear to each other, dates from that day when he came to his own home a wanderer. Often when I go to Crehylls they show me the elm where they kissed each other, and Lydia stood and watched the small forlorn figure, as it went down the avenue beneath the sombre trees into the dark night. I never tire of hearing that story, nor of seeing the tears that shine in the bright eyes of the loving wife, as she lays her hand tenderly on her husband's arm, and points to the spot where he turned to take his last look of the loving face, watching him so wistfully.

A very aged lady still lives at Penkivel, beloved by all; or one two of her grandchildren are always with her. My brother Alfred is her steward and friend. She never forgot he was her boy's playmate. Aged as she is now, I still hope, when I come to England, to meet her again.

To meet again! Surely those are good words to end with: so, having written them, I lay down my pen.

[THE END]

Men as Pets.

As you value your future happiness in this world never, at any time in your life, attempt to pet a man. He may seem, for a time, to value extra attention and caresses, but sooner or later you will be brought to understand that he is no pet and that all your time and labor has been thrown away. Solomon invited the sluggard to go to the ant and consider her ways and be wise; just so might woman be invited to consider the ways of the lion. He is the king of beasts and he never forgets it. He may be caged but he is always dangerous and never becomes a pet; and men, like lions never really become pets. You may for a time imagine that you have conquered by kindness a lord of creation, but imagination is deceitful, and some fine day your powerful pet will be ready to—just snap your head off.

S. A. M. M.

An old darkey caught a two pound sucker one day last week, and was so well satisfied with his work that he lay down for a nap with the fish beside him on the grass. Another darkey came along presently, picked up the sucker, and left a half pound one in its place. When the first man and brother woke up, the first thing that caught his eye was the fish, and it took him some seconds to realize that something had happened. Then turning his prize over, and examining it all round, he simply said: "Golly, how dat ar fish am shwunked!"

The common silkworm in Europe has been in recent time extensively afflicted by a sickness which is the consequence of fungus. Similar fatal epizootics have been observed on the honey bee, and one killed several years ago in Brazil nearly all beehives. In entomological journals are reported fatal epizootics of leaf lice, of grasshoppers, of the cabbage butterfly and of the currant worm.

A queer phase of human nature is illustrated by the fact that the buyers of at least twenty thousand tickets in the great French lottery have forgotten all about them. That number of prizes still remain uncalled for, and the most urgent appeals in the newspapers fail to get any response.

For his poem, "The Defense of Lucknow," and its prelude, addressed to the memory of the Princess Alice, making altogether 127 lines, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate, received £300.

The Rev. W. H. H. Murray and others have formed a company, with a capital of $250 000, to manufacture an improved buckboard.

THE VACANT HOME.

BY F. M. D.

Like some moss covered tomb it stands.
The night winds chilly breath,
Creeps ghost-like round its faded walls,
Distilling dews of death.

The throb of healthy life has gone—
The pulse of joy is o'er,
The lights that shone like kindly eyes
Gleam through the gloom no more.

Love's halting feet have passed its doors,
While Mem'ry's tearful rain
E'en blessed the spot—then wandered forth,
To ne'er come back again.

But how more sad the vacant heart,
Whose once dear tenants cast
Out from its warmth, grows haunted with
The echoes of the past.

Better for it the silent grave—
Better the end of strife—
Than thus know, void of God's best gifts,
The curse of death in life.

Mr. Jones' Adventure.

BY F. A.

ON a very pleasant June morning, a handsome young man of twenty-two or thereabouts, fashionably attired, was strolling along a pleasant lane in one of the rural counties of England. He had come down by the London coach, and, while waiting for a conveyance to take him across the country to the place of his destination, thought to amuse himself by a brief ramble.

"Heigho!" he muttered to himself. "It remains to be seen what will be the upshot of this visit to my rich old bachelor uncle, my only surviving relative. A retired man of business how can I expect that he will fancy a good for nothing fellow, who never did any business in his whole life? Will he pay my debts, and make me his heir? My whole London life has been a failure; and the only agreeable episode was my trip to Bath. Poor Sophy Wruggles! I believed she loved me sincerely. But I acted honorably. When I found that my heart was engaged, I tore myself away without an explanation. For what had I to offer her?—I, bankrupt in hope and purse?"

As he mused thus mournfully, he came in sight of a handsome villa facing a broad, smooth-shaven lawn, and backed by a pretty garden and a park of ornamental trees.

As he paused to survey it with the pleased eye of a poet, a smart servant in spruce livery advanced along the road, and after glancing at him sharply, touched his hat, and said:

"Mr. Jones"

"That's my name."

"Thank ye—thank ye, sir," said the fellow, grinning from ear to ear, and turning on his heel, he ran off and disappeared.

"Is that fellow crazy?"

A moment afterwards a dozen or more farmers' boys, armed with muskets, suddenly appeared in the road before him, and setting up a loud hurrah, discharged their weapons simultaneously, and then disappeared in the smoke.

"What the deuce is to pay here?" thought Jones. "Is this election day, or fair day?—or is that a lunatic asylum, and those fellows madmen?"

He walked on, curious to learn the cause of the commotion.

As he advanced, he saw a white flag flying on the lawn, and he heard the distant sound of music.

As he approached nearer to the village, a gate in the thick hedgerow opened, and a portly gentleman in black, with a spotless white waistcoat, very rosy gills, and a bunch of flowers in his button-hole, suddenly appeared with both hands extended.

"My dear boy," said he, "welcome! You're before your time; but so much the better. It speaks well for your gallantry. But where's your uncle?"

"I haven't seen him yet, sir; and I hear he's unwell."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "I hardly expected him. You don't look quite well yourself—a little pale, nervous. No matter; it will soon be over, hey? Well, you don't look a bit like the old man; I expected to find you shorter and stouter. I thought Sophy must have been mistaken in your appearance."

"Sophy!" exclaimed Jones, more and more bewildered.

"Ay, ay, my boy! She's told me all—how she met you at Bath and loved you, and how you suddenly disappeared. You had no idea of entering into an arrangement for life without seeing your intended; and faith, I don't blame you for it. When I was of your age, I wouldn't have married a girl to please a thousand uncles, till I'd satisfied myself. But you never let your uncle know about that trip to Bath. Sly dog! But come along."

So saying, the officious old gentleman seized the arm of the bewildered Jones—who found it impossible to believe that he was awake—and dragged him across the lawn, and ushered him into the drawing room where a fat woman in a crimson turban rushed into his arms, and saluted him on both cheeks, and then burst into a passionate fit of tears.

"O, dear, dear," said she, "this is the happiest and saddest day of my life! I'm sure you're a very nice young man, and will take the best care of my daughter; and your uncle's a dear good creature. But Sophy is my all—excuse a mother's feelings, Mr. Jones—an only child! O, dear!"

"Mrs. Wruggles! Mrs. Wruggles, compose yourself!" said the old gentleman.

"Sophy Wruggles is really the girl, then, after all!" thought Jones. "My uncle is certainly an odder man than even the world has given him credit for—to manage such a surprise for me; and to leave me to tumble into happiness, without the least suspicion of the felicity before me!"

But his meditations were cut short by the entrance of the fair Sophy attired in virgin white, and looking lovely as an angel. Mr. and Mrs. Wruggles led her forward, and then discreetly left the room. As she seemed overcome by emotion, Jones caught her in his arms, and her head reclined upon his shoulder.

"My dear angel!" cried Jones. "Tell me if I owe this happiness to your own free will."

"Can you ask me, William?" replied the bride, blushing.

Jones pressed the lips of his adored.

"For you sir," said the servant Jones had met in the lane, entering and presenting a package and a letter on a silver salver.

Jones dismissed the man, opened the letter, and read:

"MR. WILLIAM JONES:—Your uncle has begged me to write, because he has the gout in his hand, and can't hold a pen. He begs me to say that he wishes you all sorts of happiness but he can't think of being present at the ceremony. He sends you herewith a hundred dollars, and a letter of credit on his banker at Paris, and will expect you as soon as the honeymoon and your tour on the continent are ended. Humbly wishing you joy, for myself, I remain, Yours to command,

"SIMON SLOW."

"I don't know this Simon Slow," said Jones; "but I suppose he's my uncle's steward. The fellow thinks to compliment me by spelling my name Johns; but plain Jones is good enough for me.

Of course, he pocketed the money without demur, and prepared to go through the ceremony with the easy grace and nonchalance of a man of the world.

He was introduced to a great many people, and shook hands so many times that his shoulders ached.

After breakfast the carriage was announced. The leave taking was hurried through, the happy couple escaped from their friends and took their seats, the postillions applied whip and spur in anticipation of liberal fees, and away they flew behind four spanking bays at a rattling rate down the same road up which the unconscious bridegroom had strolled in melancholy mood that morning.

As he glanced out of the window, he saw a fat pedestrian in drab gaiters, wiping his perspiring forehead and toiling through the dust.

Jones smiled; but little did he suspect who that unfortunate was.

While Mr. and Mrs Jones are speeding on their bridal tour, let us follow up the little fat pedestrian.

Overcome with the heat of the weather and his own exertions, he sat down on a stone.

"Vot an 'orrid 'ot day!" he exclaimed, in the purest cockney vernacular. "'Ot enough to roast an Ottentot! Vot a go!—to think of that ere hengine runnin' hoff the rail and spillin' hall the passengers! Vot a heescape for me! Vonder if I ham in the right direction? That looks as if it might be the 'ouse. 'Ullo, you, sir!"

The last words were addressed to the servant whom we have before encountered, and who was now strolling along, visibly affected by champagne before breakfast.

"Whose 'ouse is that?"

"Mr Wruggles's"

"I thought so. He's your master, hey?" The servant nodded.

"Vell, you're expecting somebody, aint you now?"

"O, no," replied the servant.

"Nobody?" asked the pedestrian, coaxingly, and placing a "fip" in the hands of the servant.

"Vhere's your young lady?"

"Gone off!"

"Gone off!" exclaimed the cockney. "Vhere, and with whom?"

"With her husband?"

"'Er 'usband! it aint possible!" cried the cockney.

"I tell you it is, though—I seed 'em with my own eyes," said the servant.

"Vat's your name?" asked the cockney.

"Sam."

"Then, Sam, show me to your master—I must see 'im hinstantly!" cried the little cockney.

There was something so imperative in his manner that the servant did not hesitate to obey him.

He took him into the house, and ushered him into the presence of Mr. Wruggles.

There is nothing very jolly in parting with an only daughter, and even Mr. Wruggles, who was one of the heartiest of mortals, left alone in the drawing room, while his wife had gone upstairs to have a good cry, was not in the best possible humor. So after motioning his guest to a seat, he inquired his business somewhat sourly.

This was told, and it came out that this was the gentleman who was to have married his daughter.

He was Mr. William Johns, and the spelling of the name differently, coupled with the delay caused by the engine running off the track, was the cause of the trouble.

"My daughter was a party to the plot—if plot there were," said Wruggles, "for she knew this gentleman—met him at Bath. Were you ever at Bath?"

"Never!"

"Then it is very clear that at least she has married the man she loved—and very likely that the name he claimed was a real one. There's a mystery in this affair, and I shall not rest till I have probed it to the bottom."

At the conclusion of the interview the cockney said:

"Sir! I vont rest another minit under this roof. But you shall hear from me agin, sir—through my attorneys, sir—Cait and and Chaffer, Lincoln's Hinn—hi'll 'ave redress if there's such a thing as law in England."

And he banged away to take the next train for London.

This scene threw Mr. Wruggles into a fever of apprehension and perplexity. His daughter had married the wrong man. Yet she knew him—he was gentlemanly and well dressed, and as far as person was concerned, a much fitter mate for beauty than the vulgar Jones. He trembled to inform his wife of the mystery.

While thus harassed, his servant handed him a card, on which he read, "William Jones!"

"Another Jones!" the world is peopled with them!" cried poor Wruggles. "Bring me no more Jones!"

"The gentleman is waiting in his chaise at the door, sir—says he's lame and can't get out; and will you please have the goodness to go to him?"

Mr. Wruggles went out into the avenue and there found a portly gentleman with his legs swathed in voluminous folds of flannel, seated in a pony chaise. He bowed low.

"Mr. Wruggles," said he, "we have never met, though I have been in the neighborhood some weeks, having purchased Hawthorne Hall—a property with which you are, of course, well acquainted. I hope to be better known to you, sir, for many reasons—and the most important is that a nephew of mine, whom I have determined to adopt and make my heir (I expect him from London to-day—a very fine young fellow I hear) fell deeply in love with your daughter at Bath, and behaved very honorably, I understand; for, having no fortune he did not venture to propose, and has been endeavoring to cure himself of his passion."

"He is in a fair way to cure himself," said Mr Wruggles, smiling, "for he married her this morning."

"Married her!" cried the old gentleman. "How dared the rascal!"

"Don't judge him too harshly," said Wruggles. "It is very evident that there have been mistakes on both sides owing to an identity of names, and I have no doubt the whole affair is susceptible of explanation. I have not the least doubt that in marrying my daughter, strange as it may appear, your nephew thought he was obeying the orders of his uncle. I like the young man's appearance much—much better, indeed, than that of my intended son-in-law Johns who has since turned up. At any rate, if the young folks are happy, I don't see why we should mar their felicity, or even let them know there was any mistake about it. I know how to satisfy Mr. Johns senior—the uncle—for there are four Jones, two nephews and two uncles, involved in this affair, and my word for it, all will turn out well."

"I hope so," said Mr. Jones, as he drove away with a promise to call again.

Mr. Johns with an h was finally pacified—the money the other Jones appropriated through mistake was made good, and when the bride and bridegroom returned, they were received with open arms at Hawthorn Hall, nor did either of the old people ever let them know that their felicity was the result of a mistake.

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.—Nothing is so certain to bring genuine happy smiles to our own faces as to watch such smiles grow in those of others as the result of our sympathy, our gentle words or helpful deeds. Who ever did a real kindness for another without feeling a warm glow of satisfaction creep into some shady corner of the heart and fill it with sweetness and peace? It is like fastening a knot of violets and mignonnette in the button hole, just where their perfume may rise deliciously to our sense all day. And what a pleasure it will be when the present trouble is over, to remember that even in darkest days we found time and inclination to give to others some portion of that tenderness or practical helpfulness which was the overflow of that generous spirit which finally bore us through it all to a happy and peaceful ending! "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

Scientific and Useful.

SCARLET FEVER.—When the first symptoms of the disease appear anoint the flesh of the victim from head to foot with the inside of the rind or fatty portion of a smoked ham, and renew the application as often as the flesh becomes dry. Many have tried this simple remedy with their families with satisfactory success.

TEST FOR GUANO.—Guano nowadays is so frequently adulterated that a test stated to be infallible and at the command of every one is worthy of note. It is as follows: Hold one ounce of guano in an iron spoon over a fire till it burns to a white ash; if the guano is unadulterated, the ash should not weigh more than a quarter of an ounce.

CEMENT FOR SEALING.—For a good cement for sealing bottles, mix three parts of resin, one of caustic soda and five of water. This composition is then mixed with half its weight of plaster of Paris. The compound sets in three quarters of an hour, adheres strongly, is not permeable like plaster used alone, and is attacked only slightly by warm water.

WATER PROOF CALICO.—Stout calico is made water proof by the Chinese with a preparation which proves efficient in any climate and is supposed to be composed of the following ingredients: Boiled oil, one quart; soft soap 6 ounces, and beeswax one ounce, the whole to be boiled until reduced to three-quarters of its quantity when mixed. The calico treated with this mixture answers well for life-saving apparatus.

CLEANING LACE.—Lace may be restored to its original whiteness by first ironing it slightly, then folding it and sewing it into a clean linen bag, which is placed for twenty-four hours in pure olive oil. Afterwards the bag is to be boiled in a solution of soap and water for fifteen minutes, then well rinsed in lukewarm water, and finally dipped in water containing a slight proportion of starch. The lace is then to be taken from the bag and stretched on pins to dry.

FACTS.—A little strong lye or soda put into hard water will render it soft at once. A few drops of ammonia in a pailful has the same effect. The heat of the earth increases rapidly as we descend into its depths. At 4,000 feet deep the temperature is 196 degrees Fahrenheit. Nutmegs and mace possess narcotic properties. They should be used with caution, especially by persons of an apoplectic tendency. It should be known generally that a solution of borax is of great use where a mild alkaline wash is required on any part of the body.

WILD ANIMALS AND PRIMEVAL.—The low grade of civilization of the Australian aborigines is by some attributed to the total absence from the continent of large and ferocious and powerful animals, the comparative ease with which the prey and the utmost quantity of their food was obtained, and their national isolation. If Australia had not been discovered by Europeans when it was, in the course of a few thousands of years of cattle and other like changes in the occasional contact with other more civilized nations would perhaps have afforded the conditions of advancement to the natives.

Farm and Garden.

PLANT LICE.—Take three and a half ounces of quassia chips, and five drachms of staves acre seeds, in powder; place in seven pints of water and boil down to five pints. When cold the strained liquid is ready for use, either by means of a watering pot or syringe.

FEEDING STOCK.—There are some points of difference between British and American methods of feeding stock, as follows: In Great Britain turnips are cut and mixed with raw. Hay and straw are always cut up and mixed with meal. Oil cake is also used with the cut food. The manure from such feeding is regarded as of great value.

FARROWING SOWS.—A gill of raw (unboiled) linseed oil given to a sow just before and after farrowing will prevent the disposition to eat her offspring. Such a bit is an acquired one and is caused by keeping the sow with others of her own species, who worry and annoy her. Perfect quiet and isolation are considerations which should not be neglected.

WATERING HORSES.—Avoid giving a tired horse very cold water, as it often produces colic. In large establishments exhaust steam is passed through the horse troughs; others allow the water to stand for some time in buckets. On the road, horses should be watered once in ten miles at least. The stomach of a horse is so small in comparison to his body that large draughts is injuriously distend it; consequently small quantities at regular intervals is the best rule.

BOULDERS IN FIELDS.—Farmers and others who may have occasion to remove boulders from their fields may break them up into fragments as follows: Drill a deep hole in the rock at the proper point, and then fit into the lower portion of the hole a cylindrical ingot of lead of corresponding diameter. Then drive a mandrel, or rod, down upon the lead by repeated blows of a hammer. The lead will be expanded laterally; and being inelastic the pressure will accumulate, and after a while rupture the rock. This method has none of the danger attendant upon the use of gunpowder.

HOTBEDS.—If gardeners and others will give a trial to the following plan they will find it less than one fourth the expense of glass frames and much more useful: Take white cotton cloth of a close texture, stretch it, and nail it on frames of any size you wish; mix 2 ounces of lime water, 4 ounces of linseed oil, 1 ounce of white of eggs separately, 2 ounces of yolk of eggs; mix the lime and oil with a very gentle heat, beat the eggs separately and mix with the former. Spread the mixture with a paint brush on the cloth, allowing each coat to dry before applying another, until they become waterproof.

THE LAWN.—The man who puts on a frequent little sprinkling of salt, bone dust, superphosphate, or any fertilizer that will add an additional rich green to the turf, is always recompensed by securing the most conspicuous grass plat in the neighborhood. The best lawn we ever saw, says an agricultural writer, was occasionally treated to a sprinkling of diluted blood from a slaughter-house, just previous to a shower. When the soil is soft, run the roller over; it helps the appearance greatly. The application of a little ground gypsum will freshen up the grass. But above all, never neglect to run the mowing machine over frequently. Once a week is none too often during a wet season.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 3, 1879.

TACT.

TACT is the great lubricator of life; it oils the machinery, smooths away trouble, looks far ahead perhaps to see it, and turns things into another channel. But, however tact avoids the necessity of falsehood, it does not suppress the truth; it simply presents references to the facts. It has a sort of self respect which does not blazon its affairs abroad; it does not consider itself as using deceit when merely keeping its own business in its own breast. People without tact seem actually merciless at times. They never know what it is best to say or do. They tread upon people's toes and open the closets where family skeletons are kept, so often that they earn the reputation of being spiteful. They ask over and over again questions which are obviously unpleasant to answer, and make remarks that are seen at once by all save themselves to be offensive.

WHEN exercise is properly conducted, the effect on the digestive system is very marked. The appetite is increased, and more food is taken in order to supply the force necessary for the maintenance of the mechanical force. This increase of appetite is especially noted when the exercise is taken in open air. When exercise is taken, however, without due preparation, or the bodily powers are exhausted by fatigue, the power of being able to take food is diminished. This condition, if the exercise is continued and the power of taking food remains impaired, is one of considerable danger, and the health is often greatly affected, the force of the heart being much reduced. It is of great importance, moreover, when great fatigue has been undergone, to see that the bodily powers are thoroughly recruited by rest before an attempt is made to take food; otherwise there will be no inclination to do it, and if forced down it will not digest. An hour's rest, with a cup of warm tea, will do much towards restoring appetite in these cases. Indeed it should be a rule in all cases that a period of rest should intervene between work and food.

WHERE there is disorder there is no tranquility, no excellence, no advancement, no happiness. Order in families is essential to their peace, elevation and progress. In our households everything should be done at the best time, as well as in the best manner. There should be rules to direct and govern, from which there should be no deviation, unless necessity compel. Disorderly habits, a constant want of arrangement, will entail nothing but loss and misery; and, as the children grow up, these habits will be rendered fixed and permanent, so that they will become men and women, fathers and mothers, without any love of order.

SANCTUM CHAT.

MANY people who boast of being "plain" and "blunt" are merely coarse and boorish. Such persons are constantly inflicting wounds which neither time nor medicine can ever heal.

—

THE Emperor of Austria celebrates his silver wedding this month. This will be the tenth silver wedding which has taken place in the reigning house of Austria during the last six hundred years. The members of the imperial family will present the Empress with a diadem in precious stones representing Edelweiss. The first present His Majesty ever made his young bride, twenty-five years ago, was a bunch of Edelweiss from the Tyrol mountains.

—

SOME indications seem to show that England is not likely soon to change from a monarchy to a republic. There is now living in London a lady, not otherwise supposed to be of unsound mind, or by any means unintelligent, who is cherishing in her private drawer at this moment, and intends to keep until they decay, two currants from the wedding-cake of Princess Louise Margaret. So much does she value them that she will not let her friends approach them lest they should seize the relics. More precious than jewels, she loves them too much to display them. No republican simplicity for her, evidently.

—

A GREAT dispute is raging in Madras over the right to the possession of a hair which is said to have been plucked from the beard of Mohammed. The case in which this precious relic is kept is guarded by an officer who receives for his services a pension from the government. There are six claimants for the hair. The High Court of Madras has been appealed to, and will have to do some hair splitting in order to accomplish the ends of justice. So great is the competition among the six Musulmans who claim the hair, that there is a possibility of their splitting each others skulls, contrary to the law and custom long prevalent among them.

—

APROPOS of sewing in schools, there was recently an exhibition of the art in the Winthrop School in Boston. It must have been a novel sight when 1,000 pupils were engaged in fitting linings to dresses. On show were 166 finished garments, the work of the pupils during the two hours which are allotted to sewing in each week of the school year. There was a pair of pantaloons made by a girl of eleven. There was a boy's suit made by a girl of thirteen. Another girl of thirteen had completed thirty-five large garments during a year's sewing hours. And in many ways the pupil's proficiency demonstrated the success of the introduction of sewing in schools.

—

THE Tunkers are generally supposed to be sufficiently different from other people and sufficiently set in their odd ways to satisfy the most bigoted opponent to the world's progress. And yet one of their leaders, a curious old brother named Harshey, is dissatisfied with them on account of what he considers their too great conformity to the customs of this wicked world, especially in the matter of the cut of their clothes. Brother Harshey proposes to withdraw and form a new body of Tunkers, carrying with him a few friends who are as narrow-minded as himself. They live in Missouri, and it is not to be supposed that their influence will extend over any very great area of territory.

—

THE danger of contamination of drinking-water by its passage through lead pipes is well understood by sanitarians; and as it is difficult to replace this metal by any other for the purpose referred to, various devices have been adopted to render lead pipes innocuous. Among others, the introduction of a lining of block-tin has been found to possess many advantages. A recent method, which is said to have proved quite successful in effecting this object, is by producing a lining of sulphide of lead. For this purpose a hot concentrated solution of sulphide of sodium is allowed to flow through the pipes for ten or fifteen minutes. This produces a glaze of sulphide of lead, which is said to be entirely insoluble, and to protect the pipe from any possible corrosion.

—

FOUR Turkish officers were recently baptized in the Russian Church at Sebastapol, where they had been held as prisoners of war. During their stay there they had established such a friendship with their former foes, that when the time came for their release, they reluctantly returned to Turkey. When they reached their Turkish quarters, the Sultan's Government refused to pay them for the twenty-two months they had been prisoners in Russia, and so they determined to go back to Sebastapol and become subjects of the Czar. To do so properly and acceptably they embraced Christianity. At their baptism the most prominent Russians of the place quarrelled with each other for the honor of being the godfathers of these new Christians, who at once acquired many powerful friends and patrons. There have recently been other cases of the baptism of Turkish men and women in Russia. Then several Russian regiments adopted Turkish orphans found on battle fields, or in deserted villages, during the late war. The orphans, when baptized, received the names of the regiments adopting them, and these regiments agreed to support them until they were of age.

—

THE friends of female education will be gratified to learn that the educational facilities of our oldest university are to be virtually thrown open to women. Since 1874 the faculty of Harvard College have undertaken to raise the standard of female education throughout the country by local examinations, confined at first to Cambridge, but afterwards extended to New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. It appears that in five years the whole number of candidates willing to subject their attainments to a rigorous comparison with those of the other sex was only eighty three, nearly half of whom are credited, however, to 1878. The certificates given on these occasions represented, of course, only that minimum of scholastic knowledge and training which is exacted at the threshold of a university career, while the so-called advanced examinations, intended to stimulate and gauge a wider range of acquisition, seem to have been failures, only two having been held in four years, at each of which but three candidates came forward. Nor was it reasonable to expect more general submission to the tests framed for a college degree from those who lacked the advantage of a collegiate training. It is to meet this objection by offering the same tuitional opportunities to both sexes, that the present plan has been devised.

—

SOME time ago there appeared in an illustrated article from the pen of an enthusiastic writer, assuming to prove that oleomargarine is vastly superior to inferior cow butter, quite the equal of the best cow butter, and that it is more wholesome. So to prevent innocent buyers from purchasing in mistake the old fashioned article made from cream, thinking that they are securing the genuine oleomargarine, it may be well to offer these remarks: All fatty matters consist of two substances—claine and stearine—the former a liquid, the latter a solid. In the chemical processes necessary for the conversion of fat into butter, the claine is destroyed, and the stearine alone remains, making no apparent difference in the fragrance, flavor, or appearance; but a marked change takes place in the sensations experienced by touching. To test this is very simple. Hold between the thumb and finger, till it melts, a small piece of the suspected butter; when it melts, if it runs over the fingers and leaves no greasy stain, precisely the same as the droppings of stearine candles act, it is oleomargarine; but if the fingers are greasy, the stuff is cow butter, and you have been cheated. Lard is sometimes manufactured from fats other than hogs'. The test given above for butter will also apply to lard. Always suspect that lard which is firm and hard, notwithstanding it has been exposed to the heat of a midsummer's day.

—

NO country in all civilization seems to be in so pitiable a plight at present as Russia. In addition to her immense foreign debt and general financial derangement, her political afflictions continually cropping out in defiance of law, and her mysterious assassination, and her losses of every kind from the late war, she is threatened with famine. Last year she suffered exceedingly from drought, nearly one-third of her crops were destroyed by beetles and marmots, so that the seed has been deficient, and field-labor is inadequate in consequence of the excess of holidays—about one hundred a year—and the wide-spread drunkenness of the common people, involving great wastefulness. Grain, which is the chief article of export, which furnishes the means of paying taxes and of getting all supplies, now seems insufficient for home consumption. Her domestic debt is very oppressive. Most of the land of the Empire is mortgaged to bankers, and its owners are scarcely able to pay their interest, much less the principal, their arrears being from twenty-five to thirty per cent. Russia is a vast country of vast resources; but she has drawn on them very heavily of late, and all indications are that she is approaching a crisis in her fortunes which will require the fullest wisdom of her statesmen to meet. She appears to be socially, politically, financially, and morally disorganized, or very near it, and she cannot go on much longer in her present condition. No wonder her most thoughtful minds are pessimists.

—

IN an article on the preservation of forests, the *North American Review*, after reviewing the disastrous effects which have followed the wholesale destruction of forests in various countries of the world, remarks that since the year 1835 the forest area of the western hemisphere has decreased at the average yearly rate of 7,600,000 acres, or about 14,000 square miles. In other words, we have been wasting the moisture supply of the American soil at the average ratio of seven per cent for each quarter of a century during the last one hundred and twenty-five years, and are now fast approaching the limit beyond which any further decrease will affect the climatic phenomena of the entire continent. To stay such a catastrophe the author suggests that in every township, where the disappearance of arboreal vegetation begins to affect the perennial springs and water courses or the fertility of the fields, a space of say fifty acres should be appropriated for a township grove, an oasis to be consecrated for ever to shade trees, birds' nests, picnics, and playing children. In the treeless regions of the great West not only amateur societies, but every grange and farmers' union of every county should devote themselves to the work of tree culture; and every landed proprietor should see to it that the boundaries of his estate be set with shade trees, and that wooden fences be supplanted by quick-set hedges. Any State where these precautions should be generally adopted, would soon be unmistakably distinguished by the unfailing humidity and freshness of its fields and the abundance of its crops.

—

QUEEN VICTORIA'S journey does not seem to have been free from certain comical accidents, reports of which were carefully suppressed till the *Whitehall Review* committed the indiscretion of letting the cat out of the bag: "The Queen had been so fatigued by the long railway journey from Cherbourg that she was weak, and in stepping out of the carriage, fell. Her Gracious Majesty is, as you are no doubt well aware, not the thinnest or lightest of sovereigns, and, on the other hand, the uncle of our Earl Marshal is not the most diaphanous and fragile of diplomatists. Lord Lyons did what he could to arrest her Majesty's fall, but the shock was great; he reeled himself, and the Queen of Great Britian and Ireland, Empress of India, and her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to the Court of France, would both inevitably have fallen sprawling in the courtyard of the embassy before a gaping Paris mob, had not the trusty John Brown leaned forward and seized firmly his royal mistress, who, being thus held up, supported Lord Lyons, whom she was clinging to. Suppose John Brown had not been by just at that moment, and that the Queen and Lord Lyons had really fallen, what do you suppose would have been the result of such a contretemps? The Queen is notoriously a most dignified woman; her pride as a sovereign and lady would have sustained a severe shock, and although she could not, of course, have blamed Lord Lyons for not having been able to support her, yet we should have been greatly surprised had not the charming diplomatist sunk greatly in the favor of Her Majesty. Who can tell whether, perhaps, John Brown, on this occasion, has not altered the entire foreign policy of our country?"

GOOD-BYE.

BY ROBERT NUGENT.

Good-bye, good-bye! How many a breaking heart
Has felt in that one word all hope depart,
While the poor smile that strove to give the lie
Spoke out too well the soul's unuttered cry!

The lips that quivered o'er the clenched teeth;
The working brow, the trembling tear beneath;
The voice that could not speak, and yet expressed
The agony that shook the heaving breast!

Good-bye! Is this not strange, that we should say
To one who leaves us for a single day
The same farewell that oft the labored breath
Gasps from the twilight of the eve of Death?

O God, what other word can tell so much,
Paint such a picture in so slight a touch?
The last, last word! perhaps in coldness said,
When the next meeting was but with—the dead!

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XLVII.—[CONTINUED.]

AND so the days glided on till the schooner, with her freight of silver, was in mid ocean, and still the fates favored them. It was a lovely evening, and the sun was descending fast in the west, turning the sea into one heaving mass of orange and gold. Nearly every one was on deck—Mr. Parkley and the captain together talking of the future of the voyage, and Mr. Wilson seated with his chin resting on his hand gazing pensively at Bessy, who was kneeling beside the mattress on which her brother lay, his great eyes looking towards the golden flooded sky. Dutch and Hester, too, were together, silent and thoughtful, while the solemn grandeur of the scene seemed to impress even the men forward, for they sat about the deck almost without a word.

It was with quite a start then that Dutch saw the doctor come up softly from below, and approach him with a solemn look upon his face.

"Is anything wrong?" said Dutch, though he almost read what the other had to say.

"Your enemy will soon be powerless to work you evil, Mr. Pugh," was the reply; "he is dying, I think, fast."

Hester shuddered, and clasped her husband's arm.

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed Dutch. "There," he cried impetuously, "don't talk of enemies at such a time! I forgive him the ill he did to me. May God be merciful too."

"Amen," said Hester, beneath her breath; and then she shuddered and clung more closely to her husband, for so shaken had her nerves been that it seemed to her even now they were not free from the Cuban's influence.

"Can you not save his life?" said Dutch. "He should have time to repent."

"But would he?" said Mr. Meldon. "I fear life to him would only be the opportunity to work us all more ill."

"For heaven's sake, don't think of that, man," cried Dutch. "Have you tried all you could to save him?"

"I have tried all I know," said the doctor, earnestly. "I cannot think of one hour's lapse of duty."

"No, no, of course not," said Dutch, holding out his hand. "I insult you by such a supposition."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A PUZZLING CASE.

IT was about an hour later that the doctor went below to his patient to find him lying perfectly still, and hardly breathing, so softly his pulsation seemed to rise and fall; while, faithful to his post, Rasp was at his side.

Laure was evidently sleeping; and, after a brief examination, Mr. Meldon turned thoughtfully away, for there were peculiarities in the case which he could not fathom.

As he reached the deck, he was touched on the shoulder; and, turning sharply, he found Rasp behind him.

"Is he going to die to-night, doctor, like t'other poor chap?"

"I can't say, Rasp," was the reply. "His case puzzles me. To-night he sleeps so easily that he seems to be better, and as if he were rallying fast."

"Oh, no—he aint," said Rasp, shaking his head oracularly. "That's the artfulness of his nature. He's a dying sharp."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause I heard him a-muttering to hisself when he thought as I wasn't listening, and then he got talking to hisself in his foreign lingo; and when I came into sight again he began picking at his blanket."

"May be," said Mr. Meldon; "but, all the same, he is certainly better."

"Yah! stuff!" ejaculated Rasp as he descended to the cabin. "He's dying fast, and it's going to be to-night. I can feel it as plain as can be, poor chap. But he's an out and out bad 'un, and only got what he deserves."

Rasp took several pinches of snuff in succession.

"How rum this snuff is to night," he muttered, as he settled himself on the locker opposite where Laure lay, and then proceeded to watch the night through, after refusing the help of Oakum and Pollo, both of whom had offered to relieve him, and in the course of half an hour he was sleeping heavily.

And so a couple of hours glided away; when, just as all was perfectly silent on board the schooner, and all save the watch on deck slept soundly, Laure, the Cuban, rose from his simulated sleep, and, after a glance at Rasp, stole to the locker in which lay his clothes, slipped them on silently, and then made softly for the deck.

It was no tottering walk of a feeble man, but the quick, soft, cat-like tread of some one full of life and energy, and bent upon some set design. And so it was; for the time for the execution of the fell purpose upon which his mind had been fixed ever since he had lain there, feeble at first from the shock, but daily growing stronger and meditating revenge, had arrived.

He was too well acquainted with the routine of the schooner not to be fully aware of what he could do; and while the man bent drowsily over the wheel, and Oakum and another were on the look-out in the bows, he took the falls in his hand, and cleverly let the boat on the davits glide down and kiss the softly heaving wave almost without a sound, but not until he had secured the painter to one of the pins, after which he slid down the falls with the activity of a boy, unhooked the boat and climbed back on deck.

Next he paused to listen for a few moments in the darkness, and then, with cat-like step, descended in the portion of the vessel which had been set apart for the store connected with the diving apparatus.

It was evident that he had often been here before, as he seemed to know where everything was kept; and after lifting down the large jar of the galvanic battery, which, from the care with which he took it, was evidently half full of acid, he bore it to the steps, and then placing his hand on a particular shelf, he took down a canister of dynamite cartridges, and placed it against the bulkhead.

This done, he felt along the shelf to where, days before, he had placed a large reel of thin silk-covered wire, and tying it to the loop of metal in one of the cartridges, he backed slowly out of the cabin, unwinding the wire as he went till he reached the deck, where he continued his way to the side, and lowered the reel into the boat.

Water was already there, and provisions that he had been storing away for days; and now the first sound that had left his lips escaped in the form of a low, demoniacal chuckle as, lightly raising himself upon the bulwark, he sat there for a moment, and shook his fist in the direction of the cabin.

"Curse you!" he muttered. "You thought to outwit me, but you did not know your enemy. Sink! whiten, perish with the silver that carries you down; for revenge is sweet, even at such a cost."

CHAPTER XLIX.

LAURE'S LEGACY.

WHEN Laure had swung down by the ropes hanging from one of the davits, he felt that he had outwitted himself, for the boat was not beneath his feet, and he was getting exhausted by his efforts.

"I shall have to let go," he muttered; "and in the darkness I shall never reach the boat again."

He swung himself to and fro, and struggled hard to reach the boat, but though he nearly touched it each time, he was never near enough to trust himself to loose his hold; and with the perspiration running down his face, and his hair bristling with horror, he began to thoroughly realise that his long rest in bed had weakened him terribly. The thought was horrible now that he had been brought face to face with it—that he who had been carefully laying his plans for the destruction of others had been caught in his own trap, and was himself called upon to die. When roused by his passions to fight desperately, he could, perhaps, have faced death with a certain amount of composure; but now swinging at the end of this rope, to hold on till he could cling no longer, and then plunge suddenly into the sea, to feel the black rushing and thundering waters close over his head—it was too horrible to be borne.

He made a desperate struggle to get his legs up and cling with them to the rope, but his strength was gone, and he only weakened himself; and hanging now at the full stretch of his arms, feeling, as the sinews of his wrists seemed ready to crack, that any moment he must leave go, and then—

The thought was too horrible. He could not face death; sooner must he shriek for help and forego his revenge—anything to be saved.

His lips parted, and he tried to yell loudly, but a harsh gurgle was all that came now from his dry throat. He tried again and again, but horror had paralyzed him, and he could do nothing but pant hoarsely like one in a nightmare, and believe that, after all, this was but some fearful dream from which he would awaken, as he often had before, bathed with perspiration, and shivering with dread.

At last he tried to close his starting eyes, and hide from his distorted vision the horrible resemblance of the davit above him to the gallows, as he swung to and fro by the rope. But even this relief was denied him, for it seemed as if the whole muscular strength of his body was condensed in his arms, by which he clung to the fall, and power had left him to perform any other act than that of clinging for life. The deadly sense of terror increased, and with men at either end of the vessel ready to come to his help—men who by the slightest effort of will could have saved him—he felt that he must die. He would have called them to help now, regardless of the exposure of his plans, but it was too late; he could do no more than hold on, and wait till he fell.

No torture could possibly have been greater than that felt by the wretch, as he softly swung to and fro within a few inches of the safety he had provided, and yet unable to reach it. A thousand thoughts rushed through his brain, but they were mostly regrets that he had been unable to compass his revenge; that he had neglected his opportunities when he might have made himself the master of Hester, seeing how thoroughly he had her in his power; and his bared teeth glistened in the darkness as a wave curled, and, plashing against the side of the schooner, sent forth a phosphorescent flash.

And now he told himself it was all over; he must die unrevenged, unable to make a single struggle; for the last moments had come, his muscles were relaxing, the sense of terror was growing more dull, and he must fall. His eyes were staring straight up at the davit, now black above his head, just faintly seen through the darkness, and it seemed more than ever the instrument of his death as the slipping rope for a moment scorched his hands, his eyes convulsively closed as the strain on the muscles of his arms ceased, and he fell.

But not to plunge into the black waters beneath him, and only a few feet from where he had hung; for the wave that curled against the side, and with its phosphorescent glare showed his distorted features, swept the boat beneath his feet, and he sank all of a heap into the bows, to lie there motionless as the boat swayed about.

For he was utterly prostrate, and it was some moments before he could realise that he was still alive.

When, however, by slow degrees the feeling came upon him that he was safe, no thanks rose to his cracked, dry lips, but a smile of malignant satisfaction; for revenge was still open to him, and as soon as he could recover himself somewhat he might put his plan in execution.

For fully half an hour Laure lay there crouching in the bows of the boat waiting for the strength that would enable him to achieve his nefarious ends; while the watch hung drowsily over the bulwarks, and those below slept peacefully, in ignorance of the horrible fate that was in store.

At last, like some deadly monster uncoiling its folds, the Cuban began to move, and his first attempt was to reach a bottle of spirits, from whose gurgling throat he drank with avidity, the potent fluid giving him the restoration he sought. Then, as the blood began to tingle in his veins, he sat up, looked round, and gently chafed his benumbed arms.

A slight motion in the forepart of the ship roused him to the necessity for immediate action; and now with eager haste he cautiously felt about, and placed the galvanic battery in a convenient spot, took hold of the reel of fine silk covered wire, arranging so that it was not entangled, and then, having assured himself that all was right, he took out his knife and cut the boat's painter, floating now gently away in the wake of the schooner, while as he did so, he let the wire run rapidly out so that a connection was kept up.

There must have been at least a hundred yards of wire, and the schooner glided away so gently that there was never any stress on the frail metal cord, till the last rings ran off the reel, when Laure, with a cry of exultation, checked the progress softly, and felt for the wire's end.

The schooner could hardly be distinguished now, and there was not a moment to lose, for if the wire were tightened till it dragged on the boat it must part; so with a trembling eagerness the Cuban twisted the slight metal twice round his left hand, while with his right he placed the end against the brass connection of the plates in the battery.

The work was instantaneous.

As he touched the connection with the tiny point of copper, there was a hissing noise in the jar, a little point of light darted at the end of the wire, and simultaneously a hundred yards away in the darkness there was a tremendous flash; the darkness was illuminated with a fountain of sparks, which rose high in the air, driven by a fan like wave of flame; the fire curved over, and the sparks fell hissing into the sea.

As the flame rose, spreading wider and wider, there was a roar as of thunder, a rush as of the wind in a tempest struck Laure, the boat rocked to and fro, shipping no small amount of water, and the wire twisted round the Cuban's hand cut and bit into the flesh ere it snapped short off.

But he did not feel the pain, and saw not the danger to which he was exposed as he gazed straight beyond him at the doomed ship, and exulted in the wild shriek of horror that he had heard as the noise of the explosion died away.

He heard no more, for a terrible silence fell upon the ocean, now blacker than ever; and rising up in the boat, he held out one hand, shaking his fist in the direction where a faint glow told him of burning fragments of the wreck, and then with a shriek of exultation he cried—

"Sink, sink, with your accursed freight! Who wins now?"

He tottered as he spoke, and though straining his voice to hurl out the curse at the schooner and those on board, it was but a feeble cry, and he fell back senseless over the thwarts, to lie in the bottom of the boat, with the water that had been shipped washing over him.

CHAPTER L.

THE CATASTROPHE.

THE occupants of the cabin had sat long that night, and then separated, feeling low spirited and heavy, as if some fresh trouble were in store, but Bessy had said good-night to Mr. Meldon, with her hand resting lovingly in his, and she did not shrink away when he pressed his lips to her forehead.

It had been arranged that the remains of the dead should be committed to the deep next day, and at last all had retired, after the captain and Dutch had heard the report of Laure's state, which caused them some uneasiness.

If Laure recovered, they felt that much trouble was in store.

But there was not the faintest suspicion of danger; trusty men were at the look out and helm, and it had been arranged that Dutch was to take turns with the captain and doctor to visit the deck during the night, the doctor having his patient to watch. Then there was Rasp, too, who would be on the move several times during the night, and all promised well.

And so the time wore on till Dutch, who had lain down in his clothes, rose and kissed his sleeping wife, as she lay there peacefully dreaming. All was very still, and on reaching the deck he found the darkness intense; but, guided by the faint glow from the binnacle lantern, he went aft to where Lennie was softly crooning to himself some old ditty about "Coming back to Salrey in the good ship Jane."

"Yes, sir, all right," said the sailor. "The breeze keeps nice and steady, only it's like sailing in a tar barrel, it's so awful black."

Dutch went forward, and found Oakum leaning with his elbow on the bulwark, matched by his companion on the other side of the bowsprit gazing straight out ahead.

"Right as nails, sir," said the old sailor; "only I was a thinking, being a man as never used it, if this here looked as black in the sunshine as it do now, what a fortune a man might make in bottles o'ink. You might go on filling 'em up, sir, for ever and ever, amen, and there'd be plenty left to sell the ships in all the same."

"It is black, Sam," said Dutch; "and I often wonder that you sailors are not afraid of being run down, or of running into some other vessels."

"There's plenty o'room," said Sam; "and as to being afraid, what's the use?" We've too busy. "Course there is a collision sometimes, but not often, thank goodness."

"Keep a sharp look-out," said Dutch turning to go.

"Ay, ay, I'll keep a sharp look-out," said the old fellow. "Lord, it's ticklish work, sailing with all this silver aboard, and I shall be glad when we're safe in. How's the prisoner, sir?"

"I'm going down to see," replied Dutch; and, going to the hatch, he descended, to find Rasp sleeping soundly, and the lamp burned down to a dim light, that did not show the state of the Cuban's berth.

Dutch shoved the old diver roughly, and he started up, muttering, while, as the former turned up the lamp, he started with surprise.

"Where is—"

The words had not left his lips when there was a tremendous concussion, a deafening roar, and the two men were thrown down, to struggle up again, with the air of the little cabin filled with a strange choking vapor, which nearly suffocated them before they had staggered up the steps, to sink helplessly on deck, now covered with burning fragments which kept showering down.

As Dutch fell, stunned and confused, on the forepart of the deck, it seemed to him that he heard wild shrieks and cries for help from the direction of the stern cabins,

but he was too helpless to comprehend what had taken place till he heard Sam Oakum shrieking to him and shaking his arm.

"Are you killed, Mr. Dutch?" said the old fellow. "Ah, do you say you aint."

"I don' think I'm hurt, Sam," faltered Dutch, as he struggled to his feet. "I feel stunned, though," and he clung to the old sailor to keep from falling backwards.

"Here's poor old Rasp killed," exclaimed Oakum, "and the ship's sinking. Quick, in the boat."

"You're an obstinate old liar," exclaimed Rasp, staggering to his feet. "I aint killed. Who's been a-doing of this?"

"Here quick, Oakum!" exclaimed Dutch, who, now that he could think, had his first thoughts for his wife and friends—"the ship must be going down. Help me reach those astern."

"Ahoy!" there came a voice from beyond the great black gulf in the centre of the schooner now began to blaze."

"Who's that? Ahoy!" shouted Dutch. "Captain Studwick?"

"Right! Who's with you there?"

"Oakum, Rasp, and one of the men," cried Dutch. "Who's with you?"

"I think all, replied the captain, shouting across the gulf.

"Is my wife—Miss Studwick—safe?" faltered Dutch; and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, he muttered a prayer of thankfulness.

The question then arose—was the schooner sinking?

"I think not," shouted the captain; for a disposition was shown to get out the boats. "If she was sinking she would not begin to blaze like that down the hold. It seems to me that the explosion struck upwards, and that she is sound below—for the present."

And so it proved; for the dynamite had ripped up the deck, and snapped off the mainmast as if it had been a stem of a flower, and it now laid alongside, with such of its ropes as were out of water blazing.

Not a moment was to be lost, and buckets being brought into requisition, the flames were attacked, for portions of the wreck below began now to blaze fiercely. One of the pumps, too, was set to work, and for hours nothing was heard but the hissing of the flames as they were attacked by the water; but all that could be done was to keep them from increasing, and when at last the morning broke it was to show two groups, one forward, the other astern, sullenly drawing buckets of water and dashing them into a blazing gulf of fire in the centre of the schooner, from which rose a column of black smoke, to spread overhead and form a cloud like a funeral pall for the unhappy ship.

As the wind wafted the smoke on one side Dutch waved his hand in token of encouragement to his wife, who stood with Bessy by the wheel, their task being to keep the ship's head in one direction, so that the flames and heated vapor should not be driven astern. But all was done now in a helpless, duty driven fashion, for all on board now realized the fact that it was only a matter of hours before the fire would eat its way through the side, and the work they tried so hard to do would be accomplished by the ship sinking beneath the waves.

"It's of no use," said Captain Studwick, at last. "Dutch Pugh Oakum, lower down that boat, and come aft."

This was done in a steady, deliberate manner, although at any moment a fresh explosion might have taken place, and the schooner gone down. And into the boat Oakum, Rasp, the sailor, and Dutch lowered themselves, paddling it along the side, and joined their companions in misfortune aft.

As Oakum made fast the painter, and they all stood on the deck, Captain Studwick exclaimed—

"Where is Leure? We must not leave him to perish."

"Is he not with you?" said Dutch.

"No," said the captain, bitterly.

"Has the poor wretch, then, been blown up in the explosion?"

"Heaven knows!" cried Mr. Parkley; "but if he is missing, that explains all. It is his work."

"It was those blowing up o' cartridges yourn," growled Oakum.

"Of course it was, stupid," snarled Rasp, turning on the old sailor fiercely; "but the cartridges wouldn't go off by themselves, would they?"

"You said he was better, doctor," said the captain.

"Yes, so much so that the change was puzzling."

"This was his work, then," cried the captain.

"He was well enough to take some terrible revenge upon us."

"And to perish himself in accomplishing it," said Dutch.

"Don't know that," said the captain. "One of the boats has gone."

"But it may have been destroyed in the explosion."

The captain shook his head and walked to the side where the ropes and blocks hanging from the davits showed plainly enough that a boat had been lowered down.

As he pointed to this, the diabolical plot was made perfectly manifest, and its objects saw plainly enough how the villain had compassed destruction.

"And I was so deceived," exclaimed the doctor, stamping upon the deck in his rage. "The scoundrel was ill at first, but the latter part of the time it was subterfuge. Dutch Pugh, this is my fault. I must go back to hospital to learn my profession."

Just then the flames came towards them in a body, beating them back, but only to be followed by another tremendous roar, for the fire had reached some blasting powder that had been placed on board.

CHAPTER LI.

SAM OAKUM'S NARRATIVE.

I'M not pretending to give a full account of what happened aboard our ship, but just put in a word here and there. One of the strongest impressions, as you land people call it, is of the explosion and fire, and what followed, and that I'm going to tell my way.

As you've been told, there come one night a tremendous roar. Accident or done on purpose I could not tell, but there was the ship afire, and the smoke in a steady column rolling up afterwards.

All at once the skipper darts forward, shouting: "Lend a hand here and we shall save her yet!" and for the next quarter of an hour no one would have thought there had been a mutiny, for we were all working away side by side against what was an enemy to both parties; and bucket after bucket was poured into the burning hole, but with no more effect than if the buckets had been thimbles.

The fire and smoke came rolling up, and rising higher and higher, while as if to fan the flames, a sharp wind blew seemingly from all four quarters at once, making the flame roar again; and first one, and then another, threw his bucket into the fire, and began running below for provisions to put in the two boats.

I think Mr. Dutch was the last man to drop his bucket; and that was when the flames had risen and risen in a column of fire to lick the rigging, and then began leaping from rope to rope, and sail to sail, till it looked like so much golden oil, without a ripple upon it anywhere.

All at once I missed Mr. Wilson, but he appeared directly after; and I knew what he had been doing—letting loose his birds; and there were the poor little things fluttering about, and uttering strange cries, as they circled round and round the flames, some only to scorch themselves and fall in; but, as he said, it was better to set them free than leave them there in their cages to be burned.

I don't care who the man may be, but it is a hard struggle for any one to see two roads open to him, the first leading to life, and the second to a horrible death, and for him to force himself to take the last one. I'm not going to blame Rolls, nor I aint a-going to blame Lennie. It was only natur's first law when Rolls says to me just one word, and give his head a nod seaward. "Hot!" says he, and he took to the boat. Then, 'Come along, matey," says Lennie; and he takes arter the other—and that was two gone. As for Mr. Wilson, he was so taken up with his poor birds, that he didn't seem to care a bit about hisself, till I goes up to him and says:

"Hadn't you better try and make the boat, sir?" for the others seemed quite helpless with the shock.

"Make the boat, my man?" he says in a puzzled sort of a way. "No; I don't think I could make a boat."

"Swim arter it, then," says I, for it had pushed off.

"No," he says, mournfully; "I can't swim a stroke."

"More shame for you," I says. And then I felt so savage, that I goes up to the fat steward as was sitting crying on the deck, of course, and I says, says I, giving him a sharp kick—

"Get up," I says, "will you! You're always a crying."

"Oh, Mr. Oakum," he says, blubbering like a calf—"Oh, Mr. Oakum, to come to this!"

"Go overboard, then," I says, savagely; "for now you've pumped all that hot water out of your hold, you can't sink."

Now all this time the fire was roaring away, and sending a glow in all directions for far enough round, while the sparks kept on dropping like a shower. It was a beautiful sight, in spite of the horror; and I couldn't help looking at it a minute, till I turned round and saw Mr. Meldon standing quite still, looking down upon Miss Bessie, who was on her knees by her brother's side. But as I was looking, she got up, pale and quiet, and looked first at me, and then at Mr. Meldon, and then she says quickly—

"Why do you both waste time? Why do you not swim after the boat?"

"And you?" said Mr. Meldon, in a slow, husky way.

She did not answer, only turned for a moment towards where her brother lay with his head on a cushion, and pointed to him with a sad smile, and then, holding out her hand to me as she sank upon her knees again by her brother's side, she said:

"God bless you, Mr. Oakum! Goodbye."

I took her pretty little white hand, and kissed it, and then stood back; for she held out her hand to Mr. Meldon, and he took it and kissed it, and then sank on his knees by her side, holding her hand tightly, and when she said once more, "Go!" he only smiled and kissed her hand again.

It was so still, in spite of the fluttering roar of the flames, that I could hear every word he said, as he almost whispered to her, "Bessy, darling, I shall never leave you."

The next moment her face was down in her other hand, and I could see that she was sobbing; so, feeling all wet eyed myself, I turned away, when if there wasn't that fat steward blubbering away more than ever!

"Get up, will you?" I says; "I never did see such a thundering swab in my life as you are." But all he says was, "Oh, Mr. Oakum!"

"Miss Studwick is beckoning to you, Mr. Meldon," exclaimed Mrs. Dutch, suddenly; and running they saw her upon her knees.

"Poor fellow!" muttered the doctor, almost in a whisper; but the young couple heard him, and stood watching anxiously, for though John Studwick's death was expected, they had hoped that he might first reach home.

For just as Bessy was bending over to speak to him, struck slightly by his lengthened silence, he turned to her and smiled lovingly and tenderly as his thin hand pressed hers.

"Kiss me, Bessy," he said, in a low, strange voice; and as she gazed at him with dilating eyes, and pressed her lips to his, he said gently: "The doctor!"

It was then that Bessy beckoned anxiously to Mr. Meldon, who came hastily across the black deck, and knelt down, taking the hand feebly stretched out to him.

"Not the pulse, doctor, the palm," says John Studwick, his face lighting up with a strange unearthly smile. "I'm not jealous now. Be kind to my darling sister. Goodbye."

As Miss Bessy burst into a fit of sobbing and lowered her head upon his breast, he laid his hand upon her glossy curls. Then seeing her father bending eagerly over him, he tried to raise his other hand, but it fell back, his lips formed the words "Good bye" once more; and, as his eyes smiled up in his father's face, the lines around them gradually hardened, the pupils grew into a fixed stare, and those who gazed down upon him knew that the spirit had fled to its long home.

Now, you know, I wouldn't have cared if that there fat stooard would only have kept out of my way; but there, the more trouble one was in, and the more he was wanted out of the way, the more he piped his eyes, and got just where you didn't want him. He always was a nuisance from the day he first came on board, and, to make it more aggravating, he would look just as if he was only made on purpose to kick.

"Why don't you get out of the way?" I says; for all this time I'd been turning over in my own mind a way to get out of the burning, if we could, and there was that great fat chap a sitting on a hencoop that I wanted.

"Oh, Mr Oakum!" he whines again. And then, the others helping, we got a couple of loose spars overboard, and some rope to lash with, and a couple of hencoops; and as soon as Mr. Dutch, and the skipper, and the fat passenger, who seemed to have been warmed into life by the fire—as fast as they lowered the stuff down, I who was over the side, lashed it together, to make something like a raft. For them two as took the boat seemed too scared to come back.

I couldn't do much; there wasn't time, for the fire gained upon us; and now there was no one at the helm, the ship had swung round so that the smoke and flame all came our way. I felt, too; that it was only to make life last another day or two, for there was no getting at any prog, as there wasn't a scrap of anything in the forkeel; for I went down to see when I first thought of the raft. However, I shouted to them to lower down the water-breaker by the foremast, and they did, and then Mr. Wilson came over the side, and the fat stooard rolled down somehow, and I shook my head, for the raft went low on his side. At last there was only Mr. Dutch and Miss Studwick to come, and, partly by coaxing, partly by dragging, he had got the poor girl to the side, when she turned her head to take another look, as I thought, of the poor fellow lying dead there; and as Mr. Meldon stood there holding her, the pair showing out well in the bright light of the burning ship, I could not help thinking what a noble-looking couple they made, and then I shouted—"Lower away, sir;" when, as if startled by my words, Miss Studwick darted away from Mr. Meldon, when in a moment there came a roar as of thunder, the raft heaved and cracked under us, and beat against the side of the ship, while something seemed to strike me down, so that I lay half stunned upon the grinding coops and spars.

But I contrived to get on my knees, struggling from some heavy weight; and then, every moment getting clearer, I understood that the ship had blown up, and that Mr. Meldon must have been dashed from the gangway, and fallen on to me.

And Miss Studwick?

I durs'n't ask myself the question again, but shoved the raft away, and began to paddle with a piece of board, so as not to be drawn down when the vessel sank. In place of being all bright light, it was now pitch darkness, except just here and there, where pieces of wood floated on the water, and then hissed and went out. From being so near, I suppose it was, we escaped anything falling upon us; and, feeling pretty safe at last from being drawn down, I was trying to make out the lines of the ship, by the smouldering hull beginning again to show a flame here and there, when a husky voice close by shouts out—"Ahoy!"

"Here," I cries, hailing; and the next moment we had Rolls aboard, and he says, says he, 'Sam, I was about done.'

"It's only put off another hour or two," I says. "And where's old Squalntums?"

"On your weather bow," says a gruff voice; and the boat was once more alongside.

Well, there was some comfort in doing one's best to the last; and Mr. Dutch began to feel Mr. Meldon about a bit; but he was coming to fast, and the first thing the captain wanted to do was to paddle back to the ship; and, thinking that we might pick up some pieces to lash to our raft, we gave way, dangerous as it was, though a very small sight worse than our present position. So we paddled up to the smoking mass, that I expected would settle down every moment; and then, getting hold of the side rope, Mr Dutch, Mr. Meldon, and I got on deck, leaving Mrs. Dutch sobbing as if her heart would break.

It was not dark, for there was a little flame here and there, and in some places there was the glow of a lot of sparks. But we hadn't come to look for that; and, as we stood there forward amongst the smoke, I felt my heart heave as, with a groan that seemed to tear out of his chest, Mr. Meldon threw himself down by the figure he was looking for.

She seemed to have run back to throw herself upon her brother's body, and there was, with her arms round him, and though pieces of burning wood lay all about, she did not seem to have been touched.

It was a sad sight, and in spite of all our troubles, I had a little corner left for the young fellow, who had clasped her in his arms, when he started up with a cry of joy.

"Here—water, Oakum, quick!" cried the skipper; and almost as he spoke, Miss Bessy gave a great sigh, and we gently lowered her on to the raft, when getting hold of a bit of burning bulwark floating near, I squenched it out, and managed to lash it to us, so as to ease one side. Then we paddled slowly away, and lay by waiting for the morning, to get together more fragments, and make a better raft.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A German savant, in order to obtain facilities for certain studies which are granted only to the higher order of the Buddhist priesthood, lately embraced Buddhism, and received from the Emperor of Siam permission to serve his novitiate in the splendid temple adjoining his palace. The ceremonies of initiation were very imposing. The novice is to pass four years completely isolated from the world.

Two "respectably connected youths" lately cut fourteen telegraph wires for fun in England, thus interrupting Liverpool communication with London, Dublin, and the United States. This piece of mischief points to the fact that the most momentous interests may be marred by the freak of a mischievous boy, and favors subterranean wires.

Mrs. Ada A. Bowles writes to the *Woman's Journal* that one needs to live but a little time in San Francisco to see that it is not Chinese labor which prevents general prosperity, but stock gambling, which makes a few very rich, and a multitude of poor men and women.

After his election, President Taylor wrote to his son Richard, just deceased, inviting him to come to Washington as his private secretary. Dick refused the offer haughtily, saying that he "wouldn't play second fiddle even to the President of the United States."

Lieutenant John L. Clem, "the drummer boy of the Chickamagua," now of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, has been detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the Gatesville, Wis., University.

Two beautiful English girls who in happier days practiced blacksmithing, have, in their poverty, started a blacksmith's shop in Louisville, Ky., and they have all they can attend to.

ALWAYS OF THEE.

BY MARKHAM HOWARD.

I dream of thee
While, lily tottering in the leafy grove,
I listen to a thousand notes of love,
Each finding echo in the trees above;
There, love, I dream of thee.

I dream of thee
When evening shadows on the streamlet play;
When softly fades the golden light of day;
When the sweet moon glides slowly on her way;
Then, love, I dream of thee.

I dream of thee
With anxious longing, and with timid fear:
Yet with sweet pain in every starting tear
Thou couldst not be more loved, nor be less dear.
Thus, love, I dream of thee.

The Bartons.

BY MAUDE MURRAY.

"WHAT is the use of talking, Gustavus; I have chosen a cap for Charlie, and he shall wear no other."

"Don't be unreasonable and obstinate, Emily. I wish him to wear the cap which I have selected."

"It cannot be," said the lady decidedly. "I would not show my want of taste by putting a *blue* cap and *purple* mantle on my child."

"You know as well as I do that blue is the most becoming color to a child like Charlie; and I do believe," added he, petulantly, "that if I had not happened to express a preference for it, it would have been your choice."

"Oh, surmise and believe as you will; he shall wear the cap which I have chosen, and no other."

"He shall wear it, you say?" reiterated the husband sternly.

"He shall wear it," repeated the wife, with calm decision.

"Then madam, all I have to say is this—and I wish you to understand it distinctly," rejoined the now thoroughly enraged husband, emphasizing every word, "the day that next sees Charlie Barton in the street with that green cap on, shall also witness our separation!"

"Then this day shall witness both," was the wife's rejoinder.

The dispute concerning the green and blue cap affords a sample of the sinful folly by which domestic peace may be embittered and destroyed.

Three hours after that decisive conversation Mrs Barton dressed in the most elegant style, and leading little Charlie, with his purple mantle and green cap, by the hand was slowly pacing the fashionable street with a friend whom she had met during a morning call.

Emily was in her gayest mood. During the past hour compliments extravagant enough to satisfy even her most exacting vanity had been lavished upon her fair boy; and she was chatting merrily, as if no thought of care had ever crossed her mind, when Charlie suddenly exclaimed, gleefully:

"Oh, here comes papa!"

And, with secret uneasiness, she saw her husband, in company with another merchant, coming towards them.

As they met, both gentlemen politely raised their hats; but at the same instant a gleam of suppressed anger shot to Mr. Barton's eyes, which had just noticed the unfortunate green cap, and without a word he passed on.

By a great effort, Emily preserved her gay manner until she parted from her companion; when, returning home without delay, she dismissed Charlie to the nursery, and began arranging her personal effects as if for immediate removal.

While she was thus occupied, Gustavus hastily entered. He glanced around at the disordered apartment, then turned a scrutinizing regard upon his wife, who, continuing her task, cast upon him an occasional glance of inquiry. At last he spoke.

"You have not forgotten what was said this morning?"

"No; I have not forgotten," was the brief reply.

"Then your resolution is taken?"

"It is."

"And so is mine; let things take their course."

His voice was husky with grief and anger, and he paced the apartment several times rapidly, as if seeking to keep down the struggling emotions. Then opening a bureau drawer he drew forth papers, glanced carelessly at them, and replacing them, turned more calmly to Emily.

"These," he said, "are the title deeds of the houses."

"I have no need of them," interrupted Emily, haughtily.

"You are aware that they were purchased for you and the children, and the income accruing therefrom will probably be of some service." He paused an instant, and then added: "For the rest, as soon as I can arrange my affairs, half of what I possess will be at your command. Give me the address of the person who waits as your agent."

"When your children are grown up, of course you will do your duty by them. At present I need no assistance in maintaining them."

Emily spoke firmly, and for a time nothing more was said.

"Why cannot you remain in the house?" asked the husband, at length. "I will never trouble you with my presence here again, if that is what you fear."

"No, I will not remain here," she rejoined hastily. "After to-day the house will be at your disposal. The furniture I will take, as it was my mother's choice."

She broke off abruptly, for the recollection of her deceased parent brought tears to her eyes, and her hands trembled nervously as she continued her employment.

The husband's heart softened as he saw the gushing tears. He knew how deeply she had felt her mother's death; how she must miss her at this juncture; and for a moment he accused himself of perverseness, and half excused her; but he quickly hardened himself against the repentant impulse.

The door opened, and Charlie bounded gayly into the room. His father caught him in his arms and gazed upon him with feelings of mingled pleasure and pain. But the little fellow saw that his mother was grieved, and struggled to free himself from the close embrace.

"Won't you stay with me Charlie?" asked the fond father, and there was deep mournfulness in his tone. "Mamma is going away—won't Charlie stay with papa?"

The child looked strangely from one to the other, but when the question was repeated replied readily:

"No I must go with mamma."

And gliding from his father's relaxed grasp, he was folded closely to his mother's bosom.

She cast on Gustavus an expression, half dread, half defiance.

"Fear not that I shall be the one to ever deprive you of him!" he answered to that look, with bitterness. "I have no longer wife nor child."

After a time he approached Emily, and, extending his hand, said, with, forced composure:

"At least, let us not part as enemies; good bye."

Emily's hand trembled as she placed it in his; but resolutely smothering her feelings she responded to his good bye with an equal appearance of indifference.

He again embraced little Charlie, who, still holding to his mother with one arm, put the other around his father's neck, while his artless pleadings fell sadly upon the ears of the misguided ones.

Gently Mr. Barton put away the encircling arm, and in a low tone asked where was "little sissy."

"In the nursery with Jane," replied the child.

And the father went to bestow a last caress on the petted babe.

Presently a light tap was heard at the door, which was partly open, and Barton's voice called softly to his first born. The child hesitated, and it was not until his mother whispered "go," that he approached the door. Gustavus stood on the outside.

He drew the child to his bosom, looked at him fondly with moistened eyes, as he whispered: "Charlie, you will never see papa again—won't you love him always when he is far away?" kissed him again and again with passionate tenderness; then suddenly taking his watch, put it and his pocket book into the tiny hands of the sorrowful and bewildered boy, sat him down on the threshold, and running down the stairs, the quick closing of the door announced to the listening wife that he had left the house.

And she sprang to the window, gazing wistfully through the partially closed blinds after that familiar form till it passed from her longing sight; then gave vent to her long suppressed feelings in a terrible burst of agony.

The next morning Mrs. Barton, with her children, left the city. A trusty domestic, who was to remain in her service, was directed to superintend the removal of the furniture to a small town, at some distance, where she intended for the future to reside.

Gustavus also had disappeared, having on the close of that eventful day retired into the country, whence he wrote to his mother a full account of what had occurred.

* * * * *

The windows of a large handsomely furnished chamber were thrown open to the soft breezes of May, which, toying with the light lace curtains, admitted the golden day-beams in picturesque alternation with cool, deep shadows.

There was a sad tearful woman sitting in that pleasant room, surrounded by gay and elegant appointments, but she sees but one object—the suffering occupant of the couch by which she watches with patience that never wearies—with love stronger than death—with agony that wrings every fibre of her maternal heart.

Not alone the unutterable anguish of the mother hovering over her suffering, dying child is hers—there is another feeling that renders more acute every pang—every trial, her lost husband whose name the little invalid repeated in endearing terms.

Few months had passed since she was moving in conscious pride amid gay and fashionable associates; yet how few of them could have recognized the lively and blooming Emily Barton in that sad, spiritless woman, wasted by secret sorrow and maternal solicitude? For many weary weeks little Charlie had been an invalid; hope alternately rose and fell in the breast of the anxious parent; now the last glimmer of hope had faded from her sinking soul, and the unclouded glory of advancing spring—the beauty of that lovely day mocked her with its cheerfulness, for a fearful presentiment haunted her through the rosy hours, that with the fall of night on Nature's glories the darkness of bereavement would envelope her in gloomy clouds. And it was to be so. For when the animation with which the little invalid, so long confined to a sick bed, hailed the fair scene he had pined to look upon, had passed, the quickened pulse, as if exhausted by its transient animation grew feebler and lower—a chill pallor took the place of the momentary flush of joy—and the signs of approaching dissolution became more tearfully evident.

The mother wept on long and bitterly without fear of disturbing the loving child, who now lay unconscious alike of her tears and caresses. Time passed on, counting out the last hours of that brief young life; and from that death like stupor little Charlie awoke amid the angel host of heaven.

His beautiful remains were laid in the quiet churchyard not far from her dwelling and thither would the bereaved mother often repair to weep and muse above the hallowed spot. Of a fine summer afternoon she would take her little Emily, now a sprightly, winning child, whose lisping prattle whiled many a weary hour; and they would wander through the shady precincts of the "city of the dead."

One afternoon, it was towards the close of October, her steps were directed to her accustomed haunt. Two days had passed since her last visit, and the heavy rain that had fallen almost continually during the interim had robbed the graveyard of the remnants of summer beauty; and as she passed slowly through the leaf strewn paths she trembled with grief and nervousness, when her eyes rested on the spot so dear to her maternal heart. There, more than anywhere else, she thought, were the ravages of the chilling storm; and she wept more disconsolately than since the first days of her bereavement, as she bent over the faded mound—her face bowed upon her hands, as was usual with her in seasons of great [illegible].

She continued thus indulging her grief, till startled by an approaching footstep, and, looking up, beheld a gentleman almost at her side. With a wild scream, she threw her arms about him, sobbing convulsively: "Oh, Gustavus, our Charlie's gone! our own darling little Charlie!"

The gentleman was, indeed, Gustavus Barton. Vainly had he sought in foreign climes the peaceful happiness he had recklessly shipwrecked; and returning to his native city, was told of his son's death. Stunned and heart stricken, he had set out to visit the grave, and wandering through the churchyard, had witnessed his wife's anguish, which softened still more his relenting feelings. Tears streamed down the cheeks of the proud man, as, tenderly supporting his distressed wife, he knelt with her beside the grave where reposed the remains of him who had been so dear to both the erring parents. He could not speak and Emily also wept in silence—till at length, as the night shadows deepened, they rose sadly, and together proceeded to her quiet dwelling, where the only remaining object of parental tenderness was clasped in the fond and loving embrace of a father of whom her infant mind retained no remembrance. The sight of her recalled more vividly her brother's image, and he exclaimed:

"My bright, beautiful boy! I told him he would never see me again—but, oh, I thought not of death!"

In the city where the first years of their married life were spent, Mr. and Mrs. Barton now reside, less gay, but really more happy than in the time to which both look back with painful self-upbraiding. But the lessons of the stern teacher, affliction, have not been in vain, they have learned mutual forbearance, which renders lasting the reconciliation tacitly made at the grave of little Charlie.

A twelve-year-old girl in Akron, Ohio, dreamed that she saw her mother murdered in a hotel in Warren, that State. The next morning she told of the dream, and was laughed at for her fears. When the evening paper came she read therein the details of the murder almost precisely as they had appeared to her at the hour of its occurrence.

A former Iowa banker, B. F. Allen, now lives in Leadville in a log cabin 12x20 feet in size, containing three beds, a cook stove and [illegible] furniture. He has just paid $30,000 for a silver mine.

The Prince of Wales is a stickler for etiquette but he is very good natured, and is popular among his friends.

LIFE IN LEADVILLE.

THE gala night at Leadville, Col., is Saturday night, when the tunnels, shafts, and levels of Fryer Hill, Carbonate Hill, and the other mining localities send down their throng of miners and "timber men" with their week's wages in their pockets. Saloons, gambling hells, variety theatres, and dance houses overflow, and the sidewalks are all too narrow for the crowds that stream along. With all this, Leadville is conceded to be the quietest mining camp in the country.

It is called "the poor man's camp," from the facility of mining and the richness of the returns; but it is not a poor man's camp in the sense that a placer gold mining camp is, for mining here is by shaft, and quite expensive until "mineral" is "struck," when the miner is likely to be enriched, while in a placer mine each day's washing produces a definite result. The wild dash and adventure of the California placer miner in the pursuit of pleasures are missing from Leadville, where a rather dull and matter-of-fact spirit pervades the vices, and little of the glitter and allurement that might be pleaded in extenuation of indulgence to be seen.

A more hopeful phase of life presents itself on Sunday. The tear and rush of the saw mills that cease not night nor day during the week, are hushed, and many of the mines stop work. The smelters cannot, of course, allow their furnaces to cool, and their black smoke and suffocating gases pollute the air as on other days. The churches, however, are crowded, and, although they are neither so capacious nor so numerous as the gambling houses, they hold enough to rescue many Sodoms from destruction. The Methodists, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics have buildings of their own, and a Baptist congregation hold services in the schoolhouse, during the building of their church. In the Baptist and Methodist churches, where congregational singing is practiced, the preponderance of the bass element in the music over the soprano is significant. In Eastern congregations, the voices of the women are generally most prominent, even when they do not outnumber the men, and the ear accustomed to this is almost startled by the heavy male chorus that breaks out on the announcement of the hymn in this city. A glance at the congregation at once reveals the cause. Bearded and bronzed faces meet the eye everywhere, and the sombre black or dark coats and blue flannel shirts give heaviness, if not gloom, to the assembly. The presence of a few ladies introduces some warmth of color, and the tone of refinement they bring is heightened by contrast with the surroundings. Occasionally there is an odd mingling of the esthetic and the realistic in the efforts to embellish the interior of the churches, as when the young lady who presides at the cabinet organ places a bright blossomed and fragrant geranium upon one corner of the instrument with the labeled tin can in which it grows plainly and unmistakably [illegible] "Boston Baked Beans." But who would quarrel with so brave an attempt to make the wilderness blossom?

SUCCESS.—Doubtless few who are prudent, energetic, and industrious fail to attain some fair degree of worldly success; but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Circumstances affect efforts—promoting, arresting, or diverting them. The road to success is often that which a high minded man cannot travel; he cannot learn to fetch and carry, to subserve the interest of a patron or mob. I do not seek to conserve success due to yourselves and to those whom you may bring into the world and on its pursuit in moderation. But I would fain endeavor to inculcate upon my younger readers a higher motive than the mere hope of fame, wealth or power. If these come by an unswerving career, make good use of them; if not, console yourselves with the conviction that those who are said to be in power are frequently the veriest slaves in existence.

M. S.

At a petroleum factory in Paris it was noticed that those workmen who had bronchial or pulmonary diseases in a remarkably short time lost them. So chemists began to enclose the oil in gelatine capsules and sell them as a popular remedy for colds, asthma and influenza.

The Commercial Club of Chicago has accepted the invitation of the Commercial Club of Boston to visit the latter on the 11th of June. It is expected that nearly all the members will visit Boston, and that the occasion will prove a very interesting one.

A ten year old St. Louis schoolboy of the Jesse Pomeroy stripe, lately ran amuck among a crowd of school girls stabbing as many as he could with a small pocket knife. One girl was severely cut in the arm and another stabbed in the back.

The Massachusetts Historical Society has property valued at $110,000. It received nearly $15,000 last year.

Our Young Folks.

THE FROST KING'S COOKS.

BY L. P.

PICTURE to yourself a hot sunshiny afternoon in autumn, some noble oaks standing on the confines of a thick forest. On one of the lowest and largest limbs of these a young squirrel, lying stretched out tired and dozing after a long morning's frolic; an old squirrel, passing backwards and forwards, carrying acorns to add to his winter's store; and, as he passes, casting glances of uneasy inquiries at the young squirrel, until at last his patience quite worn out, he hurriedly scrambles up the tree, runs along the limb to the young squirrel, and in a stern voice says:

'Do you want to be turned alive by the Frost King's cooks?'

The young squirrel starts up with a shudder at the name, and a frightened exclamation escapes it. Is not to be found in the whole of the forest.

The Frost King's cooks are the dreaded giants of the squirrels, and why?

Many years ago, when the forests were much larger and thicker than they are now, and consequently, although there were more squirrels, there was more food for them, and they had not to work so hard to lay in their winter's store as now, in a hole in an old tree lived a family of squirrels: father, mother, three sons and a daughter, the father, now grown old for a squirrel, was looked up to by all the neighboring squirrels as possessed of great wisdom and knowledge of the world, and his wife was a meek, loving, hard-working little squirrel, honoring and loving her lord and master, but also quite capable of speaking him up at times, when he required it.

The former used to take his sons on long excursions through the forest, and he might point out to them all nuts and seeds that they were to store, and he also spent a good deal of time in showing them how to hold their tails in meeting each and such a class of squirrels also how to cock their ears on meeting with another class, and different manners and behavior in public, until he considered it was time to begin to lay in their supplies for the winter, at which Nessel, the daughter, and her mother had been working all the time.

The change from play to work is not, however such an easy thing as may be thought, and although the father made many long speeches about the necessity of having a good hard lay up for the winter, and how, by knowing how long any winter lasted, set the work and not go on as we have ought to have done.

Matters had gone on for some days in this way, and the store was far from full, when one morning early Nessel, who was always the first to be up, on looking out of the mouth of the hole was surprised and delighted with the sight of the earth—every thing, the ground, each blade of grass, each branch and twig, was covered as with frosted silver, she ran to wake her mother, begging her to come and look as the fairies had had a ball in the night, and had left their decorations behind them, but when her mother awoke out she started, and at once turned to awake her husband. He, as usual, was in one of his uneasy dreams, and as she shook him he groaned:

'Pardon, good spirit, pardon, the fault is not mine, I will work hard, and the store shall be filled.'

And as his wife shook him more violently, he continued:

'I know, I know the store is empty—empty as—my head, my head—what is the matter?' cried he, awakening, as his wife, in her anxiety, had banged his head against the side of the hole.

The mother took him to the mouth of the hole, and then they held a long consultation, their conclusion they called their children, and the father said:

'My dear children, there is no fairy work that you see outside, it is the work of the Frost King, winter is now near at hand, and we must all work hard, for any little time that is left to us, to provide against starvation during its gloomy sway.'

'Oh yes!' cried the three sons, 'we will work, but do let us go to the Crystal Spring, there are better nuts there than anywhere else.'

The older squirrels hesitated, as it was half a mile off, but finally the whole family set out for the Crystal Spring and worked hard all day.

At last evening drew near and the family prepared to carry home the last load of the day, the father and sons going ahead, the mother and daughter following.

On getting about half way home, the poor mother stopped, and said:

'Nessel, dear, I must stop and rest, I am worn out with the anxiety I have lately had and the hard work of to-day, and I feel quite faint. You go home, my dear, lest night overtake you, as soon as I have had a little rest I will follow.'

But Nessel was most unwilling to leave her mother, and begged so hard that she might stay, that her mother at last consented; and resting, without intending it, both mother and daughter soon fell fast asleep.

Night came on, the full moon rose, casting a flood of light through the forest glades, and showing the two poor little squirrels sitting sleeping side by side, when a slight rustling was heard among the tops of the trees, and riding on a wind wave that rolled slowly through the forest, there approached a form clad in a robe of snow, having a thin sharp expressive face, and bare as though chilled with cold, and as it came near to the squirrels a cruel smile passed over its face as it stopped and breathed lightly upon them, and went on its course.

Shivering Nessel awoke just in time to see the form disappearing, and hastily rousing her mother she told her what she had seen.

"Fly, Nessel!" cried her mother, "fly, we must leave our loads for to-night, it is the Frost King. Come, let us fly!"

But it was too late; they could not rise from the ground to which their tails were fast frozen—they were the Frost King's captives.

"Oh, mother, dear, what can we do?" sobbed poor little Nessel.

"Nothing, my child," groaned the mother. "It is too late, the Frost King has breathed upon us, and we are his. As he rides to and fro in the forest to-night, each time he passes us he will breathe on us again, and rob us of our warmth, till we die, unless your father should come to look for us, we are lost."

But little had the father thought of so doing. On reaching their home, after depositing their loads in the storehouse, he and his sons had comfortably settled themselves in the hole. After waiting for some time the father said no doubt his wife had stopped to talk with some neighbors, and then with his sons went to bed.

Meanwhile the two little prisoners to the Frost King sat quiet in the forest glade. For a time the mother had tried to console her younger, but was overcome herself.

The night had set in, when two little girls, the forester's two children, entered the glade. As they hurried along Dora, the younger, caught her sister by the arm and stopped her.

"Lena," said she, "do look at those pretty little squirrels asleep there—they must have lost their way, and if the Frost King finds them, he will be sure to kill them. Let us creep up, catch them, and take them home for to-night, and then in the morning we can bring them back here, and set them go."

The sight of the children, however, terrified the squirrels, and with a heavy effort the mother wrenched herself free and fled.

Nessel seeing her mother escape, with a wild effort wrenched herself free from the earth's grasp, and followed her at full speed, carrying with her a clod of earth still attached to her tail.

The children followed them with their eyes as long as they could see them, and then trotted merrily home laughing over their adventure.

Meanwhile the father was sleeping troubled as usual with his uneasy dreams: he had felt in going to bed, that he was doing wrong, and now he dreamt that the spirit of the wood was reproaching him for having deserted his wife.

'Indeed, good spirit,' moaned he, 'it is all her own fault, she does slay out sometimes, but I will look for her as soon as it is light and merry, merry good dear spirit!' shrieked as the spirit swept with a laugh of scorn from the tree, and flew between the entrance of the nest and the heavily on the lap of her husband, followed immediately by Nessel.

'Why, where have you been?' asked the frightened father when he had recovered from the shock. 'Nessel! if that was you that came in last, I fear you have got you my head such a twist I shall not be able to get it straight again all my life. Where have you been? I should like to know.'

'Father,' said the mother, 'we have been nearly killed by the Frost King's cooks.'

"But you are not really dead now," faltered the terrified father leaning for support upon his equally terrified and trembling sons.

'No!' cried the mother, with a shriek that caused her children to give a violent start, 'but listen,' and then she gave them a full account of what had happened to her and Nessel in the forest, but looking out the children to be the crowd, he hoped that her fears had pictured them to her.

The other squirrels stood in silent horror until the story was ended, when they had so many questions to ask that for some time they stood talking, but sleep overcoming them, they one by one dropped off to bed, and then silence reigned in the nest.

The next day they again set to work at their task of replenishing the store, and spurred by the recollections of the events of the past night, they worked so hard that in a few days they had boarded ample store for the winter.

Michigan lumbermen anticipate a very heavy and prosperous season.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 114. CHILLAHROOM

No. 115.
D U C A T
A L A R E
M E R O S
A M E N T
R A T E S

No. 116. GLOWIFK

No. 117.
P
P A
P A R
P A R S
P A R S E
P A R S E E

No. 118.
W R E C K
A R A C A
L E A S T
K I N I C
I R I S H
N I O B E
G A O S S

No. 119. ABELARD HELOISE

No. 120.
P
P Y E
P A R T S
P Y R R H I C
E T H E R
S I R
C

No. 121. CATAMARAN
ALABAMAN
LABORER
ARODES
MARES
AMES
RAT
AN
N

No. 122. MALIGANT

No. 123.
S T R A S S
T R A N C E
R A T O O N
A N O T T A
S C O T E E
S E N A R Y

No. 124. PATACAS
BARACEN
BARONET
BERATED
TUTTIES
SOILEUM
KRSPEAR

No. 125. "A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY."

No. 126.
P
N A P
R U N E R
R U M O R E D
N U M E R I C A L
P A N O R A M I C A L
P E R I M E T E R
R A C I T E N
D A C E S
L A R
L

No. 127. NUMERICAL.
The WHOLE consisting of 6 letters, is the framework of a ship.
Used, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 rigged with rigging closely coiled.
Used 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 a windy vane.
New York City. KOS

No. 128. SQUARE.
1. A bird of Brazil. 2. The armpit. 3. The magpie. 4. A cowherdman of Turkey.
New Haven, Conn. O. Possum.

No. 129. CHARADE.
A trifle will [illegible] small
[illegible]
There came a storm which drove the men
And [illegible] vessels went down
The [illegible] was all surviving
Only [illegible] look for aid found
A [illegible] fishermen
Camden, N. J. QUIZ.

No. 130. SQUARE.
A [illegible]. A town of Russia. 2. A river of Brazil. 3. A bear [illegible] of Europe. 4. A market town of Naples. 5. A market town of central Hungary.
[illegible]. A river of Ireland. 2. A seaport town of Russian Circassia. 3. A town of Spain. 4. A river of Ireland. 5. A village of France.
New York City. MATTIE JAY.

No. 131. PYRAMID.
* A letter. 2. Hard. 3. A class of society. 4. Freezing. 5. A mark of dishonor in a coat of arms. 6. A quarrel.
CENTRALS:—To honor. PRIMALS:—Pertaining to the denunciation of war to an enemy. FINALS:—The worn sides of the banks of a river.
San Francisco, Cal. GOOSE QUILL.

No. 132. TRIPLE CROSS WORDS.
In blanket not in rag
In dummy not in lie
In whistle not in hug
In tallow not in lye
In hopper not in bug
In garden not in sty
The works of WHOLE have caused his name
To be enrolled 'midst lustrous fame.
New York City. RAMONA.

No. 133. SQUARE.
1. A hundred letters in one
Long time ago, among the Jews.
2. A vestment or portion
In and out mishaps, this will show.
3. Of apples may red and round
Than this no better can be found.
4. This word, when once you've brought to mind,
Means growing near the stem, you'll find.
5. The name of one in Roman state,
A kind of judge or magistrate.
6. The angels who were last of Heaven,
Oh, can they hope to be forgiven?
Brooklyn, N. Y. DARK PUGILIST.

No. 134. DIAMOND.
ACROSS:—1. A letter. 2. To clothe. (Prov. Eng.) 3. A [illegible]. 4. [illegible]. 5. A collection of statutes. 6. Bequeathed. 7. Taxes. 8. A [illegible]. 9. A letter.
DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A [illegible]. 3. An [illegible]. 4. A [illegible]. 5. A [illegible]. 6. An astonishing observer. 7. Make smaller. 8. An [illegible]. 9. A [illegible].
New York City. STED.

No. 135. CHARADE.
My first is a maiden [illegible] fair,
[illegible]
Ah, my love is [illegible]
In the garden now [illegible] with rich vermeil bloom,
Solitary it stands [illegible], moss-covered and gray.
[illegible]
My THIRD is a taste or vestment of white!
[illegible]
Oh, don't they look glorious when in robes bedight!
The granger who enters his stock at the "Fair,"
Exhibits my LAST with a mountain of pride.
And when in a "Pullman" he taketh a ride
The WHOLE is not distant you may be aware.
Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 136. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(Six letter words.)
1. An ancient [illegible]. 2. A [illegible] river. 3. A carriage. 4. [illegible]. 5. A [illegible] weight. 6. [illegible]. 7. [illegible].
PRIMALS—King. FINALS—Deity.
San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 137. RHOMBOID.
(To "Oscar Popular.")
Across:—1. A [illegible] of good. 2. Pertaining to a [illegible]. 3. A girl. 4. A [illegible]. 5. A [illegible]. 6. A part of a verse. 7. A part of [illegible].
Down:—1. A [illegible]. 2. A verb. 3. A boy's [illegible]. 4. A [illegible]. 5. A town of Spain. 6. [illegible]. 7. A part of [illegible]. 8. [illegible]. 9. A [illegible]. 10. A [illegible]. 11. An abbreviation of an officer of the American Empire. 12. A [illegible].
Independence, Mo. DAN. J. MIX.

No. 138. ANAGRAM.
[illegible],
[illegible],
GIVE US PROSE HANDY AT TENT.
Philadelphia, Pa. PEGOTTY.

No. 139. DIAMOND.
(To "Nic O'Mus.")
1. A letter. 2. To [illegible]. 3. A [illegible] proper name. 4. [illegible]. 5. Pertaining to the envelope of a flower. 6. Pertaining to a Mohammedan. 7. Mineral resin. 8. A [illegible]. 9. A letter.
Santa Clara, Cal. COMET.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

The Post offers the following for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions:

The best three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Correct lists of March 23 were received by Gil Blas, Wide Awake, Active, Percy Vere, Comet, Nic O'Mus, Randolph, Ida Garrett, Addie, Peggotty, Oscar Pop, Kos, Rose Farnie, Ben J. Mix, Goose Quill, Effendi, Jessie O. Possum.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1st. Gil Blas - - Washington, D. C.
2nd Wide Awake - - New York City.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

The General, Rosebud, Squire and Elsie Grant, Nellie, Jessie Crowell, Pleasant Cottage, Virginia Square, Dixie Arcadia, Reverie, Rosebud and Prize Acrostic, Sweet Pea, Diamond, Randolph, Scrub and Quarter Acrostic, Mexico, Comet and Eugene, C. O. Mer, Diamond, Square and Half Acre, Tom Ascot, Charade, Comet, Puzzle, Rag, Nellie, Charade.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GENERAL.—We have often heard of you as "Sherman" and his associated Crowells (Crowells) as "GENERAL GRANT" in a way "not to be very glad to know you more intimately." Your Cryptogram are not approved. Always glad to hear from the "Army."

NICHOLAS.—Your acrostic is correct, and after being subjected to the Dynamite test, pronounced O. K.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Another "fortune." Well this is a free country. Your Egyptian Diamond will require a deal of consideration. Send some more soon.

RANDOLPH.—Thanks for paper. Last contributions first rate.

SWEET PEA.—Glad to hear from you. The story of [illegible] will appear soon.

G. O. MERICAL.—Your puzzles, three in number, increase in Geometrical Progression, and trust they will continue to [illegible]. They are very easy [illegible], but [illegible] quantity" and [illegible].

TOM ASCOT.—Well done my hearty. The Charade shall tickle the "Boys" ere many weeks.

KATE NICKLEBY.—Charade very good. Trust you will always SATE for this Department. Send real name and address.

COMET.—Has POTOOKE into the W. B? Oh, no! she will appear in "Celebrations," as soon as some of the gentlemen "go out to see a friend," and there is a vacant seat.

BROWSER.—Your list of answers almost captured a prize. Try again, and send us some A. 1. contributions at the same time.

CRYPTOGRAM.—Now "Boys" what have you think of Cryptograms. We have always been opposed to [illegible] on principle, but [illegible] to stand in the way of [illegible] by the public. Very few of them are "worth [illegible]," and they are a great [illegible]. Let us hear from all of you on this score.

HOW SURNAMES GROW.

THE thought crosses one's mind occasionally whether the names of men and women, the designations usually known as "surnames," become what they are by a process of natural growth, by a definite system of invention, by freaks of individual fancy, or by mere accident; or whether all these modes of origin are to be met with in different instances. Certain it is that the names themselves are often remarkable and even extravagant. The punster, the conundrum maker, the epigrammatist, would be bereft of much of their working material if surnames were less strange than they are; even the epitaph composer would occasionally feel the loss.

The proneness to construct a surname which would denote some (at any rate) of the personal characteristics of the individual to whom it was first applied is plainly observable in names ending in the syllable "man." They may in many cases have been invented by the persons themselves: but the majority had evidently some other origin, expressive of admiration, of ridicule, or of plain matter-of-fact; the initial syllable or syllables serving as an adjective to define what sort of "man" is under consideration.

If size of person were the characteristic held in view when the naming process took place, we find as examples Ampleman, Fiatman, Highman, Longman, Smallman, Weighman. If complexion or color, Blackman, Brightman, Greenman, Redman, Whiteman. If terms of approval touching personal appearance or qualities, Dearman, Freeman, Gladman, Godman, Goodman, Hardyman, Honeyman, Ladyman, Merryman, Strongman, Sweetman, Tidyman, Truman, Wiseman. If expressive rather of disapproval than approval, Allman, Asman, Badman, Bentman, Blankman, Chillman, Coldman, Deadman, Fearman, Flashman, Gooseman, Hardman, Killman, Proudman, Sickman, Slewman, Slowman, Wildman. If the occupation or avocation of the individual were the point chiefly held in view it supplies us with a formidable number of examples, such as Aleman, Axman, Backerman (Baker), Batman, Bellman, Billman, Boatman, Bootman, Cashman, Callman, Cheeseman, Coalman, Dayman, Ferryman, Fleshman (Butcher), Footman, Fryman, Goatman, Goldman. Nor would the second portion of the alphabet of initials be less prolific in illustrative examples—Herdsman, Horseman, Houseman, Lawman, Natman, Packman, Sandman, Seedsman, Studman, Styman, Tollman, Trotman, Watchman, Waterman, Wayman, Woodman, Yeoman.

Other examples do not lend themselves so easily to classification or grouping: Ambleman, Batterman, Cherryman, Chessman, Chipman, Farman, Fortyman, Hyman, Kinsman, Maidman, Notman, Otherman, Pennyman, Sayman, Statesman, Twentyman. Who originated Twentyman and Fortyman, and why; and what do such appellations mean?

If at one moment we are struck with the seriousness of such surnames as Christ, Incarnation, Crucifix, Jerusalem, Pharaoh, risibility is aroused in the next by such names as Vulgar, Vinegar, Fippenny, Onions, Gollop, Bowels, Bottles, Boils, Bullwinkle, Bugg, Lightning, Mushmore, Posey, Goloped, Tenpence, Zigzag, Fairfoul, Bogy, Brains, Dullhumphrey, Collarbone, Drinkdregs, Bullitude, Whitehonastery, Winterthing, Pottpaar, Thousandpound, Bedbug, Maggot.

As may well be surmised, peculiarities of person supply an almost endless fund of surnames: Allbones, Blackmonster, Handsomebody, Waddle, Pettibones, Smallbones, Barebones, Baldhead, Kneebone, Awkward, Hogsmouth, Heavysides, Heavyeys, Noodle, Bunion, Yellowhair, Cockeye, Chataway, Crackbone Narrowcoat, Blackamore, Dandy.

In vain should we try to trace to their individual origin such strange surnames as Odium, Bosh, Calmation, Argument, Bad, Brittle, Weatherax, Ticklepenny, Downwards, Inwards, Decent, Strawmat, Ashkettle, Devil, Boobyer.

In many countries surnames have grown out of personal names, baptismal or otherwise, in a manner that can be pretty clearly traced. If John's son be George, then John the son of George becomes a distinct name, cumbrous when thus expressed, but succinct, and compact in many languages. For instances of analogous character, in Russian we find Witz or Witch, or Vitch or Vich meaning "son of"—such as Czarevitch and Paskievitch; in Polish, Ski or Sky—such as Petrovski and Sobieski; in Gaelic both Mac and O'—the latter implying descendant generally, rather than merely son; in English, Son, melted down as the final syllable of a final word; the son of John becomes John's son, and then Johnson; the son of William, in like manner, becomes William's son, and then Williamson. Lastly, in Welsh, Ap, by which Morgan Ap Shenkin comes to mean Morgan the son of Shenkin.

Besides the derivation of surnames from Christian or baptismal names, worked out in the various forms and modes we have described, there is a large group arising from local associations with the country of birth or of residence. Such as Ireland, France, Guascoigne, Scott, England; or the town of birth, exemplified in Rochester, Middleton, Bolton, Bury, Windsor; or such names of counties as Durham, Kent, Cornwall, Lincoln, Bedford; while a large supply is obtained from such topographical distinctions as Hill, Forest, Wood, Copse, Dale, Vale, Gare, Lynch, Foss, Fenn, Marsh, Peat, Slade, Pond, River, Mead, Dyke, Lake, Mountain, Hill, Down, Combe.

Much more extensive are the derivations from the numerous occupations and pursuits of men. John the smith and James the weaver readily became abbreviated to John Smith and James Weaver; such a designation at once includes baptismal name and surname. It would not be difficult in this way to make up a couple of hundred surnames of the kind exemplified by Carpenter, Glover, Butcher, Baker, Farmer, Cartwright, Wheelwright, Wainwright, Slater, Tyler, Saddler, Salter, Spicer, Brazier, Wheeler, Farrier, Draper, Mercer. Smith—the all-pervading Smith—gives rise to a distinct group of its own, according to the kind of smith's work denoted: Brownsmith, Nasmyth (nailsmith), Spearsmith, Shoesmith, Shearsmith, Goldsmith, Arrowsmith. Dignities, offices, and functions, as well as handicraft employments, are very prolific in this direction, witness such surnames as King, Prince, Duke, Marquis, Earl, Lord, Baron or Barron, Count, Cavalier, Gentleman, Knight, Squire; and such as Pope, Pontifex, Bishop, Priest, Deacon, Dean, Abbot, Prior, Monk, Nun or Nunn, Clerk, Chaplain or Chaplin, Parsons; and such as Mayor, Alderman, Burgess, Chamberlain, Constable, Serjeant, Warden, Steward, Marshall, Provost, Proctor.

Personal and moral qualities, good and bad, we have already mentioned as being denoted among surnames; but the point here held in view is that the quality or attribute as possessed by some one individual among many, was the special cause of the naming process. Is it the color or complexion? We have Fair, Ruddiman, etc. Or the color of the hair? Blacklock, Redhead. Or the form of the head? Broadhead, Greathead. Or the stature? Long, Short, Small. Moral qualities are shown in Merry, Wild, Coward, Thoroughgood, and the like. Domestic relationship gives us Brother, Bachelor, Lover, Bride, Husband, Younghusband, Baby.

Periods of time, such as Spring, March, May, Early, Quarterly, occur. It is not surprising that we find virtues and abstract ideas, such as Hope, Joy, Pride, Love, Wisdom. Terms of contempt or censure are naturally exemplified in Lawless, Scamp, and Hussey. Oaths and exclamations, such as Godhelp, Truly, Fudge, Heigho, are not wanting. Natural objects, including the names of multitudes of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, vegetables, flowers, fruits and minerals—all have been concerned in the origination of surnames, and all supply testimony to the fact that every or nearly every such name had a definite meaning at the outset. Almost endless is the variety; nevertheless, order runs through the apparent chaos.

It has been justly remarked that a good list of surnames would enable persons whose names are unpalatable to themselves or to others to discover their proper orthography, instead of abandoning them and making a new selection. Then it would be found that Buggin and Simper can be traced back to Bacon and St. Pierre; Death and Diaper to D'Eth and D'Ypres. A tendency exists to assign a meaning to a name apparently without one by modifying the orthography in a haphazard sort of way. Pettycoat becomes Petticoat; Eyville, Evil; Frisk, Freak; Lepard, Leopard; Sigar, Segar; Bradford, Broadfoot. In former times Bott and Brandi were changed by some of the persons so named to Bottle and Brandy, in ignorance of the fact that bott was anglo Saxon for an abode or dwelling place, while brandi was a Scandinavian name for a skilled horseman.

After making all necessary allowances for odd whims and strange vagaries, mere oddity and mere accident, there must nevertheless be, if we take the trouble to ferret it, something like a system in the formation of the thousands of surnames known to directory compilers and registrars of births and deaths.

Grains of Gold.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Live up to your engagements.

Anonymous letters are beneath notice.

Vows made is storms are forgotten in calms.

Upon leaving a room one bow should include all.

Malignity generally drinks the greater part of its own poison.

Work for other people's vanity, not your own; that is the art of arts.

At the table you are not required to thank the one who waits upon you.

Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

Learn not to judge too harshly of anyone, either in respect to good or evil.

He is not so good as he should be who does not strive to be better than he is.

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.

Be severe to yourself and indulgent to others; you thus avoid all resentment.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they are making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leaving.

Deference is the most delicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

Judge thyself with a judgment of sincerity; and thou wilt judge others with a judgment of charity.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper; and in society, our tongues.

Never accept of favors or hospitalities without rendering an exchange of civilities when opportunity offers.

Whether discretion or not is "the better part of valor," it is most certain that diffidence is the better part of valor.

Don't expect to climb to the top of the ladder by one effort. Enduring success is generally won by slow and patient toil.

Nothing does so fool a man as extreme passion. This doth make them fools, which otherwise are not, and show them to be fools which are so.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom of a soiled flower.

Don't fall out with the world because it refuses to applaud your first efforts. Keep on if you have the merit and mettle in you, you will force it to applaud eventually.

Never pronounce a man to be a wilful niggard until you have seen the contents of his purse. Distribution, you must remember, should be in accordance with the receipts.

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties, does honor to a man.

Rashness borrows the name of courage, but it is of another race, and nothing allied to that virtue; the one descends in a direct line from prudence, the other from folly and presumption.

Remember that not only will dishonesty, untruthfulness or unfaithfulness ruin your probabilities of success; but that thoughtlessness, idleness or lack of interest in your duties will always be a bar to advancement.

Other men's opinions are as a mirror in which we learn to see ourselves. It keeps us humble. The worst slander has in it some truth from which we may learn a lesson which may make us wiser when the first smart is over.

Words are little things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and drizzling rain; but unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and the tempest.

Americans now devour more frogs than the French.

Femininities.

A female elephant is known by the size of her trunk.

Franklin said that rich widows are the only second-hand things that sell at prime cost.

New straw hats and bonnets are composed of many-tinted strands to give a clouded effect.

New walking boots for ladies have pointed toes, and are much higher in the heels than formerly.

Mrs. John Horne, of Anderson county, Ky., has given birth to five children, and all are doing well.

Young ladies think they Miss it by not, and many a married lady thinks she Mrs. it in being married.

A man who had been married twice to ladies by the name of Catharine, advised his friends against dupli-Kates.

There is a young lady in this city who goes by the name of "Earthquake" among the boys, because she has shaken so many of them.

Girls now walk in large towns in England without chaperone or other attendants, much as they do in America, according to an English paper.

No matter how little a woman knows or cares about art, she will never decline the chromo which is given away with every package of coffee.

Anthony Trollope says that he never knew a nice woman who did not think it proper to look up to her husband and be governed by him.

He put it down without any one telling him to do so, and peevishly remarked that "a woman was a fool to set a red-hot flat-iron on a kitchen chair."

Oxford is to follow the example of Cambridge in furnishing the means of a higher education for women. A ladies' hall is to be established there.

A Jersey City man was recently arrested for smacking his wife across the nose with a red and yellow worsted motto bearing the words, "Home, Sweet Home."

An angry woman threw red pepper into the eyes of a Cincinnati man a few days ago, and it is alleged that instead of blinding him, as feared, it relieved him of nearsightedness.

A New Hampshire girl thrashed a lover who attempted to jilt her. He backed down, apologized, renewed his oath of allegiance, and they are to be wedded when his work in the sugar woods is ended.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a young woman in a fur-lined coat to walk along without letting it flap open just a little, to show that the fur is more than mere border.

The prudent housewife, who on account of "hard times," has decided not to re-paper the sitting room, as desirable, will find the old paper much improved in appearance by simply rubbing it well with a flannel cloth dipped in oatmeal.

The hair of an Egyptian mummy examined by an English naturalist, was found to be "banged" in the way common to modern young ladies. Then they want to tell us that the girls of the present day are more frivolous than their ancestors.

The queen of the Belgians visited the London Home for Lost Dogs, the other day, and the ingenious Court Circular detected in this movement of curiosity "that kindness and humanity which are the distinguishing characteristics" of Her Majesty.

Young lady, very much shocked—"Oh, ma, did you notice that insulting puppy who just passed us? I looked at the wretch till he got way out of sight, and he had the impudence to stare at me, the horrid thing; and just as he turned the corner he actually lifted his hat and bowed!"

The question of questions in Washington society now is, "Shall the wives and daughters of the doorkeepers and messengers of the legislative body make the first call on the wives of the same officers in the executive departments, or vice versa?" There is no precedent by which this point can be settled and no provision for it on the books of etiquette.

An impromptu mock auction sale of women was amusing and profitable, at first, in a Wisconsin church fair. The young men bid liberally for the attractive girls, and it was all very funny indeed until an ugly but influential sister was put up. The auctioneer was compelled to knock her down at twenty-five cents, and she was so angry that she put on her things and went home.

"Now, children," said a Sunday school superintendent, who had been talking to his scholars about good people and bad people, "when I'm walking in the street I speak to some persons I meet, and I don't speak to others, and what's the reason?" He expected the reply would be "Because some are good and others are bad;" but to his discomfiture, the general shout was, "Because some are rich and others are poor."

The plan of throwing verse after verse of a hymn that is being sung by the congregation in large type upon a wall by means of a magic lantern has been adopted in a Boston church, and is found to be a great improvement upon the former plan of singing from books.

An Iowa girl, described as a pretty, talkative, laughing, bright-eyed brunette, got into Omaha in the evening, was introduced to a young man in the morning, went to a pic-nic with him, and brought him back and married him before supper.

General Miles, the Indian fighter, was, at the outbreak of the rebellion, a hardware clerk in Boston. Having enlisted, he was promoted step by step until he has reached his present position.

Moses, the Indian chief, who is now on a visit to the Great Father at Washington, is described as an Indian of the Fenimore Cooper type, physically, but his picturesqueness is spoiled by a suit of civilized clothes and a stiff white hat.

There are 602 chartered lodges of Masons in Illinois, with a membership of 38,618.

Facetiæ.

A swinging board in front of a shop is a bad sign in windy weather.

Why use steam to propel freight trains? Does'nt the freight make the cargo?

The scholar who "fell into a reverie" last week, was immediately taken out, and will recover.

If a subscription for shipwrecked sailors is a wreck-collection, is a visit to the wreck wreck-visit?

The idea that fruit eaten at night is deleterious is proved by the bad effect it had upon Adam from eating the apple after Eve.

"Can a clergyman marry himself?" asks an exchange. We suppose he can, but we are afraid he would not be a happy couple.

Did you ever observe a rat tan, cow hide, wheel wright, boat hook (water right, that must be)? Could a grocer be called a salt-cellar?

We are all very like the little boy who said he ought not be scolded so much for being naughty, because he was not half as bad as he could be.

"You must recollect that all I am telling you happened one thousand eight hundred and seventy years ago." Sally: "Lor, miss, how the time do slip away."

"I'd like to give something to the poor," remarked a Toledo lady. "It's hard times, and there must be suffering, but I've got to use this $40 to buy another switch."

A wag, who was also a philosopher, once said that if some men's bodies were no straighter than their minds, they would be crooked enough to ride on their own backs.

One elephant with a show used to be sufficient to bring in all the country people to a town, but now it takes a dozen to do that. The elephant is losing his influence on the masses.

"Sammy, my boy, what are you crying for?" "Bill threwed the Bible at me and hit me on the head." "Well, you are the only one in my family on whom the Bible ever had any impression."

Magistrate—You seem to have been drinking, and to have left your wits at the bottom of your tumbler. Prisoner (blandly)—Impossible, your honor; I never leave anything at the bottom of my tumbler.

An exchange says: "Water-proof houses, made of gutta-percha slab, are now being manufactured. There is one advantage about this style of houses, and that is, you can bend the chimney to suit the wind."

Some people are born to be contrary, and they fulfil their mission with religious zeal. They are like the Irishman's frog, who, he said, always stood up when he sat down and always sat down when he stood up.

A Northern contemporary states that, "At Lybster, a cow made an attack on a chicken, when the parent hen made a stroke at with either its spur or bill, and laid it lifeless." Perhaps the reader is incredulous, but his faith may return when he is told that "cow" is a misprint for "crow."

Some fellow has written a poem to his girl, beginning: "If thou couldst only know." Yes, if she couldst only know the number of old socks he is saving up to be darned, and the dilapidated apparel that she will be expected to resuscitate, we have no doubt the course of his true love would begin to be less smooth.

No man can go down into the dungeon of his experience, and hold the torch of truth to all the dark chambers and hidden cavities, and not come up with a shudder and a chill as he thinks of the time he undertook to talk politics to the deaf old father of his first sweetheart, while the girl was present herself.

There is an easy way out of almost any difficulty if you are only a philosopher. Say, for example, that a man called you a miserable scoundrel, or any other harsh name, you have only to make up your mind that he is an ignorant puppy, and no judge of human nature, and your mind will be set at rest immediately.

Human nature is very discouraging. Put up the sign, "No thoroughfare, danger!" and every teamster on the continent feels that that particular street is the only one that leads to his stable. Or, as some one else has suggested, put up the sign, "Fresh paint," and every passer-by will touch it with his finger to see whether it is dry yet.

"Here," said Hushins, testily, to his son, "here you are going off with my overshoes on, don't you know which are your own?" The son stepped out of the arctic, and as he backed out of the room, replied, "It's a wise child who knows his own, father." Then he slid, leaving the old man to ruminate on what wonderful effects the misplacement of a comma will have sometimes.

A Londonderry paper gives the following instance of a pulpit bull: "A clergyman preaching a sermon on death concluded with the following observation, 'But even death, my brethren, so well deserved by mankind for their sins, the wisdom of Providence has, in its paternal kindness, put at the end of our existence; for only think what life would be worth if death were at the beginning!"

A short time ago a little boy went with his father to see a colt. He patted the colt's head and made quite a fuss over it, until finally the stableman told him to be careful that the colt did not turn round and kick him. When the little chap went home his mother asked him what he thought of the colt. "I like him pretty well," was the reply. "He's real tame in front, but he's awful wild behind."

Mr. Slow and Abimelech were out when the storm cleared away one night, and stood looking upon the moon as it gleamed above. The moon, as they gazed, passed behind a dark cloud, the edge of which gleamed like silver. "How beautiful," said Abimelech. "Yes, my son," said Mr. Slow, solemnly; "that 'ere's well got up. Some people say they have brighter moons in other places than our'n, but I say that's all moonshine. Look at it, 'Bimelech, as it hangs up there now, as bright as a dollar, and don't you believe any of the gammoning stories about its being a green cheese."

While Waiting for a Cough to go as it came, you are often laying the foundation for some Pulmonary or Bronchial affection. It is better to get rid of a Cold at once by using that sure remedy, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which will cure the most stubborn Cough, and relieve you of all anxiety as to dangerous consequences.

HONEST HEART AND WILLING HAND

BY G. B.

Said honest heart to willing hand,
Let us our strength unite,
And at our station let us stand
In the world's rude fight.
If we together steadfast go,
And all our fortunes share,
Why then we'll conquer every foe,
And banish dread despair.

We'll give a smile of happiness,
We'll always strive for peace;
And those who love us we will bless,
And give them wealth's increase;
Yea, other love we will impart,
For what foe can withstand
The man who to an honest heart
Unites a willing hand?

CHINESE DEITIES.

ONE of the Chinese deities to whom, if we may judge from results, the Mongols living in San Francisco never fail in their duty, is the god of thieves. He was propitiated in an appropriate manner on New Year's as an occasion of special worship, but he is commonly worshipped on the seventeenth of the eighth month. He has become very popular within the last ten or fifteen years, especially with travelers, traders and the sick, as well as professional thieves! He has no special temple, but is worshipped in any place where a number of worshippers may be conveniently had. He dwells in midheaven and never descends upon earth, which is the reason he has no temple. He was a professional thief when on earth, and not only clever in his profession but remarkable for his filial piety. One night he stole a kettle used in cooking rice and brought it home to his mother; but she, upbraiding him for depriving people of the means of cooking their food, ordered him to take it back. He objected, on the ground that by the time he would have reached the premises it would be daylight and he would certainly be detected. But his mother assuring him that "Mother" would make the heavens dark purposely to aid him in restoring the stolen kettle, he returned with it, and sure enough escaped detection. His image represents him as "very childlike and bland," and of quite a prepossessing appearance.

The god of swine is deaf, and years ago was a vender of pork. One day a poor but talented student asked him for a small piece of pork on credit, a request the pork vender granted, but repenting of his liberality, he pursued the unfortunate student and took the pork from him. The student, becoming a high mandarin afterwards, put the pork vender to death, a circumstance which ultimately resulted in the deification of the latter. He is worshipped by swine owners with a feast, not so much to enable them to raise hogs as to recover such as may be stolen or strayed. As the god is deaf, the worshippers tickle his ears and pat him on the back, to excite and attract his attention, and when at length they succeed in arousing him, they communicate to him the cause of their trouble, and ask him to start off in search of the missing swine, promising him a feast if he succeeds.

The god is a gambler. He is dressed in dilapidated garments, with his queue coiled around his head and a card stuck in his hair. He is worshipped with incense and lighted candles, the devotee kneeling before him and knocking his head on the floor. On important occasions, as when stakes are high, the worshipper lies down and sleeps before the god—always found in the house of every gambler in San Francisco—and supplicates him for propitious dreams, vowing to make him a thank-offering if he wins.

The god of drouth, or rather the god who gives rain in seasons of drouth, is in miniature only in San Francisco, like many other of the deities. He has beside him a representation of a "dragon's well." He is propitiated by throwing into this well the bones of a tiger, or at least a picture of the bones, for the reason that the dragon and the tiger being at dead enmity the dragon rushes on the tiger when they are brought into contact with him. As soon as the conflict takes place the clouds descend and rain still follows, when the tiger's bones are taken out of the well as soon as possible.

"The five rulers" govern the five elements of nature—namely, metal, wood, water, fire and earth. They also represent the five colors—to wit, yellow, green, red, black and white; they control the five points of the universe—viz., north, south, east, west and middle. The five rulers have therefore, extraordinary powers, and hence can ward off fever and pestilence and punish infidels with measles and colic.

The ruler of the earth has three eyes, the other four have snouts like swine, faces like monkeys and mouths like birds. They are worshipped by carrying a boat of bamboo splints and paper twenty-five feet long (in San Francisco the boat is in miniature) to the edge of the sea or of a running stream, where the boat, containing all the distempers that man is heir to, is set adrift, thus carrying sickness away from the land and people. The ceremony is called "sending the boat out to sea," but in reality it is burned at the water's edge.

The five rulers are attended by two demons—the Tall White Devil and the Short Black Devil. The Tall One is twelve feet high and is the policeman of the infernal regions; the Short One is blurred and pursy, with his tongue protruding and covered with blood, with which pourse he laps up whatever diseases are lurking in the community and conveys them to the five rulers to be destroyed. The five rulers have several other assistant divinities, such as the Buffalo-headed, the Horse-headed, the Cock-faced, the Duck-mouthed and others too numerous to mention.

"The Three Precious Ones" are a trinity of gods controlling the past, present and future. They are worshipped three times a year with prostration, genuflections and chanting, and on certain festivals with burning incenses and candles.

"The Three Pure Ones" are another trinity, worshipped almost similarly to the others and for much the same reasons. One of the pure ones, named the "Old Boy," was transformed in one breath into the trinity of which he is now a unit.

The monkey, who is styled "His Excellency the Holy King," and also the "Great Sage equal to Heaven," is universally worshipped with offerings of incense and lighted candles, as well as cakes and apples. He has general control of hobgoblins, elves and witches, and confers health and prosperity on his worshippers. Hence the sick and the unsuccessful seek his divine interposition in driving away evil spirits and preventing bankruptcy.

The Fox is a god, worshipped chiefly by mandarins and viceroys and other high officials. He has control of the official seals, and a room in the house of every high official is set apart for his worship, which is performed by kneeling and bending three times while presenting an offering of three cups of wine, three sticks of incense, and two lighted candles. The god sometimes takes human form and enters the bodies of men and women, and sometimes inflicts diseases on certain persons; hence the sick pay him special homage.

"The Flying Tiger" is worshipped by two classes—gamblers and mothers of sick children. By the gambler he is styled "His Excellency the Grasping Cash Tiger," and is propitiated with incense and offerings of mock money, also fish, meat and other edibles. His image is in every gambling saloon in San Francisco. He is worshipped by mothers in connection with the goddess of children, who makes her visits to earth on the back of a flying tiger.

The Heavenly Dog is worshipped with a peculiar worship in the sleeping apartments of married women. He eats children, and to prevent this vicious appetite the guardian angel of these innocents stands within arrow shot beneath him in heaven in the attitude of shooting. Women in a delicate condition must have in their sleeping apartments a picture of the Genius shooting the Heavenly Dog and keep incense and candles burning before it while a child is ill or in delicate health. The Genius is worshipped with offerings of mock money, vermicelli, and seven balls of rice flour.

There are a great many other gods, such as the God of the Kitchen, the Dragon, the White Cock, the Goddess of Smallpox and so on, but the most universal and most obligatory worship of all is that of the Ancestral Tablets. These are small pieces of board twelve inches long by three inches wide, on which, when the head of a family dies, his name is inscribed and fixed in a frame. The tablets are kept in the house of the oldest son and worshipped every day by prostrations, genuflections and offerings of food, drink, incense and candles until the third or fifth generation after which the spirits of the deceased pass into the bodies of birds, beasts and reptiles, when the tablets are either buried or burned.

FAIR WOMEN.

THERE have not been so very many extraordinarily pretty women, after all, as one would at first imagine. Whole generations sometimes pass without one appearing. Some countries have not possessed one in a century; at least not one who, from her extreme beauty or from fortuitous circumstances, has fixed her name in history. Great beauty is a rare, indeed a great genius, and great beauty combined with great wit, even rarer. But comparatively few of the beautiful women of the poets ever existed beyond the poet's fancy; the immortal Beatrice even being known rather for Dante's love and for Dante's verse than for any wonderful beauty. Byron's "Maid of Athens" was as much the child of his sympathy as she was the inspiration of his pen. Her mother was a widow with whom Byron lodged. She was poor, and her two daughters interested the poet. He described them in the plainest prose afterwards, and, though they were beautiful there were many such maids in Athens. Shakespeare's fair "Rosalind" certainly never lived in the flesh and blood, and "Sweet Marguerite" was the creation of a Goethe, only after he had deserted a beauty more real. It has always been a fashion among the poets to create in their minds the beautiful forms of which nature seems so niggardly.

It requires but little reflection to recall what many of the loves of the poets have been. What bright, yet half evanescent beings they were. Commencing away back with Horace whose odes made a Lydia immortal—Dante and Beatrice, Tasso and Leonore, Alfieri and his princess, Petrarch and Laura, Goethe and Frederieke—some names that are engraven as if in brass, some hearts in whose warmth genius had its birth. The love stimulous has been no less inspiring to female genius than to that of men. Sappho only penned verses when in love. When she could find no mortal handsome enough to fire her muse she fell in love with Phaon, whom Venus had transformed from an ugly dwarf into the fairest of youths, and when Sappho found her love unrequited she threw herself into the sea.

All women of great beauty have had a history, and the triumphs and fate of a woman of exceeding beauty are not of less interest than is the life of a man of genius. From Eve, whose beauty must have been supreme, down beautiful women have exercised the most tremendous influence on the destinies of the world. Helen, for whose charms hosts battled and Troy fell; Cleopatra, maddening kings to desert empires for her love; Honoria, for whom whole hecatombs of Huns perished, that Attila might win her hand; Eugenia, dictating the manners, dress and habits of civilized society; Carlotta, forcing a husband to assume the purple at the sacrifice of a people's freedom; each and all point to the majesty or the power of a woman of beauty.

It has sometimes been asserted that beautiful women and men of genius have come up in crowds together, and that there is an Augustan age of fair women in the lives of nations just as there is an Augustan of literature. Certain it is that when England and France had the greatest poets they had also the greatest number of women celebrated for their beauty, as was the case in the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, Louis XIV. and the Consulate. Scarcely a great poet, or, it might be added, a great painter, has come upon the scene who has not brought with him at least one woman of almost supreme beauty. Of course, in judging them, allowances must be made for the distinction given the geniuses who adored them. Yet the spirits of the dead fair might answer: "At our altars were their lamps lighted. We piped to them and they did dance." A German writer once intimated that had Goethe never seen the face of the fair Frederieke, it is doubtful if the world had not lost him as a poet. Fair Frederieke was but a village pastor's daughter—her lover was a society king. It was said, though, that he should have forsaken her. But she was not alone; it was a habit the great men had. Frederieke was a beautiful, sweet German flower, fit for a poet to crush, that he might be intoxicated with its perfumes. Tasso declared that for Leonore he could write a world of poems, and Alfieri's genius soared highest when the fair Countess of Albany encouraged his love. Indeed, he would not write at all if she frowned; and his constant prayer was that he might not outlive her.

The alcohol shipped from New York is principally exported to Marseilles, Leghorn, Malta, and other Mediterranean ports, and also of late in large quantities to Germany.

Maud Miller, daughter of Joaquin Miller, has made her first appearance in a speaking part on the stage in Oregon. She was a dancer in a San Francisco theatre last winter.

More frogs' legs are now eaten in America than France.

New Publications.

Messrs. Scribner & Co., have published a very handsomely bound volume of their monthly for the past six months, which they offer to new subscribers with the magazine for the remainder of the year for the usual subscription price, $4 00. The prosperity and popularity attained by this magazine is fully justified by the high order and excellence of its literary and artistic features. The bound volume contains frontispiece portraits of Longfellow and Emerson, besides nearly 400 fine engravings. It enables new subscribers to have the opening chapters of the prominent serials "Haworth's" and "Falconberg," and is an offer which should meet with success. The volume is attractively bound in olive green embossed cloth, and the letter press is exceptionally fine.

The May number of Potter's American Monthly opens with a biographical sketch of the inventor of the Gatling gun, with a portrait of Gatling and several illustrations of gun paraphernalia. The series on American song Composers gives a sketch of H. P. Danks. Pen, Press and Pencil is a pathetic account of George Lippard, an author. Samuel S. Peters contributes a paper on An Incongruous Land. Only a Flirtation is a short story by Alice Wunsup Noyes. The other contents are In Early Spring, a poem by George Bancroft Griffith; English and American Trees, by J. A. Howard; The Last Time, a poem by H. S. M.; Reminiscences of Edwin Forrest, by Mrs. C. Denniston; The Early Newspaper, by William L. Stone; Literary Parallels, by Victor Rosette; Teodora's Russian Inheritance, by Marian Garwood. Knickerbocker Tales gives a scene in Fort Amsterdam. Notes, Literature and Art, Science and Mechanics, etc.

Among the summer announcements of Scribner's Monthly are a new serial of four to six numbers by Henry James, Jr., and a number of authoritative papers on the inventions of Mr. Edison, including a full account of his Kinetro-Motograph and its applications; one on his electric light, another on his unapplied inventions (composed of material entirely new to the public), etc., etc. The first of these will appear in the June number.

The May number of the "Nursery" is as usual replete with lovely pictures verses and stories which must delight its little readers, and should be a visitor to every nursery of little ones. Published by John L. Shorey, of Boston.

The latest number of Blackwood's Magazine opens with Part I of a story called Rosa, or What's in a Name, followed by a sketch entitled My Latest Experience. Part XIII of John Caldigate; and an elaborate critical essay on Hamlet. Contemporary Literature discusses Biography, Travel and Sport, a comparative picture of the country in 1840 and 1879. Published by The Leonard Scott Publishing Company, of New York, and for sale by W. B. Zieber, of this city.

The contents of Appletons' Journal for May are as follows: A Seat in the Chair of Destiny, being the real and traditional history of the stone of Scone placed in the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey; The Golden Mesh, a story by M. E. W. S.; The Position and Influence of Women in Ancient Athens; A Comedy of Superstition, being a description of a remarkable play by the Spanish dramatist Calderon; On the Choice of Books, by Frederic Harrison, and many other articles of interest.

The May number of "Wide Awake" contains an unusual variety of attractions in its list of contents and illustrations. The frontispiece is a charming picture of Spring is Fully Awake, while Mrs. Mary B. Dodge gives its accompanying poem on The Language of Birds. Jabberwock is a curious story by Wm. F. Bonni, and Emma F. Brown contributes an interesting sketch of Boston Whittling Schools, with ten illustrations by Miss Humphrey; Mrs. S. M. Botts has some funny verses about A Spring Outfit; Edward Roberts tells about Mexican Water Carriers; The Dumb Spinner is a poem by Kate Lawrence; Mrs. E. S. Badlam tells a story about The Lazy Pink Hen; My Little Love is a poem by Mary C. Hammer; Seeing the World is a poem by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt; The American Artists' Series is a sketch of S. R. Gifford, with illustrations of his studio, portrait, and one of his pictures. The other contents are: Master Tony's Experiment, by Miss A. M. Griffin; The Story of English Literature for Young People discusses Johnson and his Times, by Mrs. Joan Lillie; Revenge, verses by Helen Goodwin; Posie, by Elizabeth Matthews; The Wishing Cup, a poem by C. L. S.; Talking by Signals is an interesting paper for boys, by Charles Higgins; Chipperwip, by Luthera Whitney; Memory, a story for very little ones. Among the many illustrations are The First Fly of the Season, The Dancing Cow, by L. Hopkins, A Boston Rosebud Boy, A Very Bad Attack of the Sulks, The serial stories—The Dogberry Ranch, Royal Lowrie's Last Year at St. Clare's and Don Quixote—are continued with a sustaining interest. Tangles sustains its attractive features. Published by Lothrop & Co., of Boston.

The May number of the Popular Science Monthly presents a full and varied table of contents. The initial paper, The Origin of Worlds, by the late Professor Daniel Vaughn, is an able discussion of cosmological problems. The Growth of Will, by Professor Alexander Bain, is marked with his usual logic. Dr. Andrew Winter discourses on Clews in Natural History. Dr. Felix Oswald contributes the second of his series of interesting papers on Dietetic Curiosities. Dr. Charles Fayette Taylor discusses Bodily Conditions as related to Mental States; Alfred Russell Wallace has another instalment of his papers on New Guinea and its Inhabitants; Professor Huxley gives an exposition On Sensation and the Sensiferous organs; Residual Phenomena, by Professor Pattison Muir, is an interesting psychical discussion; Eliza A. Youmans contributes a review of Charles Gibbons' Life of George Combe; Dangers of Darwinism and Disease of the Body as a Mental Stimulant are instructive and entertaining articles; A portrait of Professor W. D. Whitney, the distinguished philologist, forms a frontispiece to the number.

St. Nicholas for May has a May-song in it, and a coronation, of course, but no May queen. It is a sort of story number, and has nearly forty pictures. Besides the two serials, there are: a spider story, an elephant story, a gunpowder story, a bear story, an astronomical story, a mythological story, a botanical story, a mathematical story, a story of a girl who couldn't, and more than one of girls who could, besides an astounding tale of a boy who made a man and found him a very difficult person to manage. Mary Mapes Dodge the editor, contributes a poem for May-Day; and Mrs. E. T. Corbett, in some comical verses entitled The Three Wise Couples, winds up the adventures of the Three Wise Women and the Three Wise Men.

News Notes.

A valuable parrot interfered in a hen fight in North Chester, Pa., and was picked to death by the two biddies.

Pope Leo sent Queen Victoria an autograph letter of welcome to Italy, notwithstanding she is a heretic.

The total number of government officials in Russia is 90 000 and their salaries amount to 57 000 000 roubles.

The Legislature of Illinois has passed an anti-tramp law, but one not so severe as the New Hampshire statute.

Blondin, the rope walker, who a few years ago was rich, has lost his money through the failure of a European bank.

The Chinese Theatre at Sacramento Cal., has on the stage a piece which requires thirty representations to give it complete.

A snoring match is to come off in Harrisburg, the man making the most nasal notes in a given time to receive the prize.

Emperor William's favorite flower and color is the blue cornflower, with which his room is always decorated on his birthday.

A girl in an Iowa seminary cut all the hair from the head of her sleeping room mate, in revenge for a slight, and has been expelled by the faculty.

"Grandfather's Clock" continues to run $500 a month into the pocketbook of Henry C. Work. It was a great day for him when "the old man died."

The Sultan, yielding to the urgent representations of the Grand Vizier, has recalled several exiled personages and ordered the release of others from prison.

Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when Hop Bitters are used.

Opium smoking finds little toleration in Japan. A man was recently sentenced to ten years' hard labor in Yokohama for violation of the law against the practice.

Some members of the Ohio Legislature are trying to get a law enacted keeping reporters away from hangings, so that accounts of them may not reach the public.

Mr Daniel F. Beatty, the celebrated piano and organ manufacturer, of Washington, N. J., has been recently elected to the mayoralty of that city by his fellow citizens. Mr. Beatty has long been one of its most active and public spirited business men, and this honor is but a just tribute from those whose prominence and prosperity he has done so much to establish and foster. Washington is among the most active industrial centres of New Jersey, and under the able and energetic administration of Mr. Beatty it is bound to soon take a still higher position. The Washingtonians are certainly to be congratulated upon their good fortune in securing such a mayor.

As a summer and health resort Atlantic City is not only at present probably the most popular in the United States, but every year it is increasing in the extent of its attractions and the number of its visitors. The most eminent physicians representing the medical fraternity of the entire country have endorsed and recommended it as being the most salubrious of the many sea-side places, and for invalids it presents unsurpassed advantages both in this respect and its great convenience of access by railroad with all parts of the Union. Some of the hotels now remain open the entire year, many people preferring it, from the purity of the air, and the general comforts of the situation, to life in the city. This season it is anticipated will be one of the busiest in the history of Atlantic City, and, as usual, its principal artery, the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, in the fullest spirit of enterprise are making arrangements for popular accommodation. They have adopted with increased capacity all the latest improvements and suggestions looking to comfort, safety and speed in the transportation of passengers to the now famous City by the Sea.

The Blessings of Strong Nerves

Is recoverable, not by the use of mineral sedatives, but by a recourse to effectual tonic treatment. Opiates and the like should only be used as auxiliaries, and then as sparingly as possible. Vigorous nerves are quiet ones, and the most direct way to render them so is to reinforce the vital energies. That sterling invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will be found all-sufficient for this purpose, since it entirely removes impediments to thorough digestion and assimilation of the food, so that the body is insured its due amount of nourishment, and consequently of stamina. Rheumatic tendencies and affections of the kidneys and bladder are also counteracted by the Bitters, which is besides a pleasant medicinal stimulant, infinitely purer than the raw excitants of commerce, which react injuriously upon the nervous system.

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has been given to me for the purpose of testing its curative effects on mankind and animals.

I have not had occasion to apply it to the latter, but I have done so to myself, and have received immediate relief.

Being an animal myself, I have every reason to believe that brute creatures would experience similar benefit from its use.

This Society will employ it whenever the necessity shall present itself; and in the meantime I commend it to the patronage of all having need of relief from suffering.

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50 CHROMO, Gold-Border &c. 10c. or 2 sets of cupid cards 10c. J. B. HUBBELL, Samson, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

FASHION is at present inclined to be many-colored. Materials, ribbons, embroideries, even straw hats, are made in several colors. Linen for the table and the toilet is trimmed with embroidery in many shades. White pocket handkerchiefs display enormous initial letters and monograms, in silk or cotton, of the seven prismatic colors, and, oftener still, they are seen in Scotch tartan, or with borders striped in every color.

Scarcely any dresses are to be seen in two shades of the same color. They are trimmed, in preference, with Pekin or tartan of a color totally different from that which prevails in the dress itself. Cashmere is made up in combination with satin in all these colors, and is used for hats, ties, and dress trimmings. I have seen a hat of satin and cashmere in old gold, the brim lined with red silk, and the soft crown in old gold silk with a fluted curtain of the same lined with red satin. In front, a bunch of shaded red and old gold feathers. Strings of red satin ribbon.

Here is one of the most original many-colored hats, in white and tartan English straw. The shape is round, low in front, slightly raised at the back, and trimmed with a scarf of tartan gauze with three drooping ostrich tips in the principal colors of the tartar, bronze, caroubier, and maize. Cache-peigne of red roses and foliage. Natural moss finds a place among bonnet trimmings, and will be much used as the season advances.

Pekins are extremely fashionable still, and a very pretty variety is being manufactured which lends itself well to combinations. This is a woolen Pekin, with small satin stripes, one quite plain of neutral color, the other with little branches of bright color on a neutral ground of a different tint from that of the plain stripe.

Foulard will be more than ever a favorite; also surah. Indian soran, and Louisine, prettier still gleaming like satin and always in soft colors. In these materials tartan is represented in large squares in very pale colors, and on others, small flowers in every color are scattered over the ground. But, among all these tartans and Pekins, we must not forget the plain materials which are to be fashionable in all the newest colors. The names of these are curious—soupir etouffe, "stifled sigh"; oil abattu, "cast-down eyes;" vive berge rouse, "lively shepherdess"; couleur de gene nouvellement arrives, "color of people just arrived"; les cheveux de la reine, "color of the Queen's hair," and cinnadron, a copper brown. These colors, which are shades of gray and brown, will be much worn for walking and traveling dresses, all to be made short, of course.

Among the new spring colors are bullfinch red, beige and straw. Old gold is not dead, but it has grown pale, and is no longer the "bold gold" of former days, but is modernized into a shade approaching cream color.

Gold and silver are seen mingled in the embroidery so much used for trimmings. Many materials are striped with gold and silver for scarfs and other trimmings for ball dresses, and also for hat trimmings.

Color is not confined to outer garments alone. Undervests of spun silk in cardinal red may be put down among the choicest of the luxuries of dress. Over these are placed the embroidered corsets of satin, and over these frequently a Princess suit, consisting of bodice and short skirt cut in one, or bodice and drawers cut in the same way, of soft India twilled silk, trimmed with Torchon or Breton lace. The under-drawers would be of wool, fine as gauze, or of soft cashmere flannel pale blue, or pink, drawn into an embroidered ruffle, and sometimes showing a second one of Breton or Valenciennes lace above the flannel.

Flannel skirts to match the drawers are made in the same delicate shades, of the same fine, pure quality of wool, and trimmed with ruffles embroidered exquisitely with white, or shaded silks in the color of the flannel. They have even the lace ruffle added sometimes, though this is a most unnecessary addition, as the garments are really in better taste without it.

Quite as pleasant to the eye, and the sense, is the silken hosiery which has only very recently become a luxury within the reach of the moderate purse. Formerly silk stockings were very expensive, and were so fine and light of texture, as to have very little wear in them. Now we have the "spun" silk stockings, which are fully as handsome and far more serviceable. The most desirable of these are broadly ribbed, in solid colors; cardinal red, black, brown, grey and navy blue. There is also a more expensive kind, in which a stripe of open work about the width of a "rib," alternates with one of rich embroidery executed in the same color. Beautiful hosiery, is made of unbleached thread, and also of thread dyed in dark solid colors, and embroidered most effectively in contrasting colors, such as pale blue with olive green, red with yellow and pink, and pale pink with cardinal. Another style consists of small polka dots embroidered in colors all over the instep of the stocking. Black thread stockings are particularly pretty this season, with an embroidery in pale contrasting shades. The ecru shade of "Balbriggans" is much darker, with the clocks embroidered in black, forming a vine-like design.

The paqier basques are seen on many of the costumes, either of muslin, or of wool or silk. They are simply basques cut quite long and caught up in pleats in the side seams to make the hips look large; a bouffant over skirt is used with these. There are also panier polonaises that afford excellent suggestions to ladies who wish to remodel the long polonaises worn last year. In many instances a vest of plain or of shirred satin is introduced in these, but others button closely from the throat part of the way down, while the lower end is curved open, and their great length is caught up in deep pleats in the side seams quite high on the hips; other pleats at irregular intervals are then taken in the back of the garment.

Shirred satin vests of cream-color or of old gold are used with very dark fabrics to make dressy toilettes. The preference is given to contrasts in trimmings rather than to shades of the prevailing color.

Surplice pleatings of fine folds are laid on the fronts of dress waists. They begin at the shoulder seams and are caught low down on the bosom, or are crossed like a fichu and fastened under a belt. Soft folds of white tulle are also used to drape the fronts of dark-colored dress waists.

The styles for open dresses are still heart-shape or square. Sometimes the heart-shape is reversed by cutting it with the front turning upward to the throat, where it is fastened together by one button.

The handsomest all-black grenadines have satin-brocaded leaves, diamonds, large spots, or lozenge-shaped figures, and are made up over colored silk throughout, such as mandarin yellow, salmon, peony, gendarme blue, and rose pink. The trimmings are colored beaded passementeries, or else jet, with lace pleatings, fringe, and sometimes fans and bows of the colored silk used for the foundation. These rich dresses are made for the house and carriage, as they have long full trains with panier scarfs.

Simpler grenadines with short skirts, or at most demi trains, have panier polonaises cut quite long, and the edges bunched up in drapery on the sides and back. These are trimmed with religieuse pleating, which is a flat box pleating tacked an inch from the edge, or with festooned flounces of the plain canvas grenadine in square meshes without figures. The festooned flounces are edged with lace pleating, and jet passementeries or fringes are added to make them more dressy.

The novelties in lingerie are of the most tempting description, and include some charming fichus as well as more useful articles. A fichu of white Surah show the prevailing taste for embroidery in the small colored flowers which nearly cover its surface; it is edged with an embroidered flounce and narrow Breton lace. The fichu is arranged in a few folds and fastened on the left side under a bow.

A fichu for a more dressy toilette is of lace with a gathered flounce at the edge, and fastened under a large rosette of lace with only one end falling below it.

A scarf of Indian muslin, forty inches long and twelve inches wide, has the ends trimmed with two rows of pleated Breton lace, while the sides are edged with narrower lace put on flat; the scarf is tied round the neck, the two ends in front forming a cascade of lace.

A Marie Louise fichu is of ivory white Indian muslin with two rows of pleatings of Breton lace of different widths; the front of the fichu forms two ends of unequal length, the shorter end being concealed on the right side, and the long end on the left side is crossed over and fastened at the waist on the right side, and ends in loops of Pompadour satin ribbon mingled with flowers.

A very pretty parure for a young lady is of white muslin bouillonne with revers of blue faille, and is worn over a low dress. It is long in front and at the back, fastened to the corsage under a smaller revers, and joined at the back by a buttoned tab concealed under a bouillonne. Bows of ribbon are placed on the chest, shoulders and at the throat, and the edges are bordered with Breton lace.

Muslin skirts are much worn under dresses with paniers; they are made of checkered muslin reaching to the knees only, and quite flat in front and over the hips; steel springs at the back form a small tournure, and others are placed at the sides to support the paniers; a deep muslin flounce can be buttoned on at the edge or removed at will.

The newest chaussure is a shoe of bronze kid stitched with white, buttoned at the side and very pointed at the toe. The same shoe is also made of gray, brown, or beige cloth, with bronze or polished kid toes ornamented with white stitching, and laced at the top or side. Kid slippers are worn with indoor toilettes, embroidered with small flowers and ornamented with a rosette composed of little loops of satin ribbon matching the embroidery.

Fireside Chat.

WORK FOR SINGLE FIGURES.

I NOTICE from time to time that questions are asked as to the best method of using the squares of Japanese crape, that are sold for a few pence apiece, some with landscapes, some with figures upon them. The former look well lastened to the walls with drawing pins in sets of two or fours, and the figures make effective table screens. To use them in this way you must have four frames the size of the squares, which any ironmonger would make for you; then line the crape squares with crimson, green, or any shade you prefer, and border with black in such a manner that the black goes over the framework, and is sewn down on the reverse side; lastly, with a coarse tambour needle threaded with gold-colored braid, run work over these edges, and the effect on the black is excellent. The four squares are sewn together with invisible stitches, and the screen will stand where it is placed.

Even yet, greatly as we favor Japanese importations, we have by no means learnt to profit to the fullest extent by the innumerable treasures pouring into this country from what until so recently was an unknown land. The Japanese pictures, bearing large well-colored figures, are not only invaluable for walls and screens, but will embellish inartistic chiffoniers, presses, painted cupboards, &c. You cannot pass down a number of streets, in any of the fashionable localities, without seeing how great a difficulty, blinds present to the housekeeper, and what a diversity of opinion there is respecting them. Uniformity there is none, either regarding color or shape; some are plain, some striped, some scalloped, some fringed, some gathered in vandyked fallings, and few are either fit or beautiful. In short blinds the variety is still greater. Among the latest "notions" is a piece of white woven transparent material, stretched across the glass, and nailed all round the window frame. Then again, the Japanese crape squares have been utilized with lace insertion between, not only for short but for long blinds. But none of these are as effective as the transparent gauze pictures from Japan, with gold thread interwoven with the ground-work (which may be either black or white); birds, trees and flowers standing out boldly upon them.

In matters appertaining to decorative needle work there are two distinct schools. While one of these affects soft pinks and blues, lace, ormolu, Dresden, Sevres, and other prettiness, the other adopts a severer style—Georgian and Queen Anne furniture, artistic greens, Pompeiian reds, crewel hangings of the Jacobean period, high-backed chairs, and tall eight day clocks. It is this latter school who would patronize the work baskets which are now decorated after so novel a fashion.

In lieu of quilted satin linings inside, and bands of embroidered serge outside, with numerous pockets depending, of all shades, the exterior of the basket is left unornamented, and the inside, if of an oval form, showing much of the surrounding edge, is merely plainly lined with holland; but on this holland on one side a large sunflower, lily, or any other flower that is deemed suitable, is worked in crewels.

If the basket is of the square form, with a lid, holland is still used and arranged as pockets, on each of which a forget-me-not or a bunch of heath is worked.

Many of the newest work baskets are simply squares of buckram, bordered with ribbon wire, and bent so that two corners meet at the handle, and two are bent downwards; these are worked with sprays of flowers in gold thread.

The wicker baskets on stands have their contents hidden by charmingly worked covers. The reversible satin sheeting is a favorite material for these—such as slate with a crimson lining, worked with shaded crimson silk, the edges sewn over like an old-fashioned blanket, with loose buttonhole stitches; and within this a border and centre of any conventional design, such for example as the daisy—for conventional designs in outline stitch are the fashion for the minute. Those who care to be preparing trimmings for the coming season can scarcely do wrong by working a conventional pattern in outline in one color—green, blue, or crimson—on strips of house flannel; this will be worn, laid on other materials, both for dresses and for articles of household ornamentation. It is ordinary whity-brown house flannel.

According to modern notions, no material is too common to be a medium for ornamentation. If you have any old worn-out hassocks, procure some green or crimson baize, and on this work at wide intervals a fleur-de-lis, or any conventional blossom in a neutral tint, and then cover the old hassock with the same, putting any additional stuffing beneath where required.

Many of us have stores of feathers which are either thrown aside or lie by for years unused, simply because we do not know how to apply them. Really pretty tippets for evening wear may be made with breast feathers of ducks and with pheasant and peacock feathers sewn, each feather separately, on a foundation of coarse net, cut the required shape, and bordered with swansdown, and on the same principle very useful and elegant trimmings may be concocted with any small brown feathers for bordering of evening cloaks.

Antimacassars are now called chair backs, and some of the new ones are made in coarse towelling, embroidered and cut to the shape of the chair like a hood, so that they can be slipped over the back. Toile Colbert is now much used for d'oyleys as well as chair backs, small sprigs being worked upon it, and for the chair backs the threads are often drawn; so that a series of squares are formed in the centre of each of which is a small flower.

Folding screens promise never to go out of fashion, and a new mode of covering them is with highly glazed colored morocco, on which large flowers are hand-painted, such as hollyhocks on a blue ground. They are beautiful as well as new. Couleur de rose is always in favor, both metaphorically and in reality; pink shades for lamps we have long ago adopted, and now we are turning our attention to our gas burners, and these are hidden beneath alternate rows of pink ribbon and white lace insertion in the shape of the globe, and bordered with lace; for balls they give a subdued light in passages, conservatories, etc.

Pincushions, to be hung on looking-glasses, are made of swanskin in the shape of a rabbit, and well-stuffed; while for a lady's table there are two new shapes—one like a gypsy kettle, supported on three sticks, covered with ribbon, the kettle being represented by a round satin cushion, bordered with ribbon ruching; also a high backed chair, the seat, the cushion, earrings, etc. This is made in cardboard, and covered with pink calico and muslin. The newest tea cosies are made in quilted satin of two colors, united diagonally; the monogram, in letters made of lace, being tacked on in the centre of one side. Black and yellow, yellow and crimson, pink and blue, crimson and white, are favorite mixtures. An unbleached sheet can be easily converted into a quilt by lining and binding it to the depth of six inches with Turkey red twill; cover the trellis-work in green crewel wool, worked in outline, the diamonds about six inches long, and a vine intervention work also in outline a bunch of cherries. It will look well and wash well.

The corpse of a student was found recently near the Kazan Cathedral, in St. Petersburg, stabbed, and labeled, "Sentenced as a traitor by the Socialists Revolutionary Committee."

The Emperor William pays for the education of his grandchildren and the English tutor of Prince William (the future Emperor) and Henry receives $500 a year, and he boards himself.

The Coffee Tavern Company in London has made its mark in the work of temperance reform. Fifteen coffee taverns have been opened, in which about 4,000 persons have signed the pledge. It is said that the coffee is well prepared and good to drink.

Francis Murphy will begin temperance work in San Francisco about May 1.

Answers to Inquirers.

MADELINE, (Jackson, W. Va.)—You can only write a polite letter, stating your reason for refusal. Impulse is not a fault, therefore it would not be a correct answer to give.

ECONOMY, (Hudson, N. J.)—Velveteen is one of the most difficult materials possible to dye and finish properly. You would be almost sure to spoil it if you attempt to dye it yourself.

ROSA, (Penobscot, Me.)—We cannot recommend you any in particular, and you must be guided by the style of conversation which is likely to be introduced among your friends and acquaintances.

TWO SIMPLE, (Lowell, Mass.)—No; it is the proper thing for the gentleman to offer to do so. Certainly no girl with proper spirit would care to keep an engagement ring if the engagement was broken off.

W. R. C., (Minden, Can.) The price of "The United States Postal Guide" is fifty cents. You can procure one by writing to any large news agency; but if you know of none, we will send one by your forwarding the price.

E. D. C., (New York, N. Y.)—We cannot imagine any other reason for a dog show being called a "bench show," except that the animals are usually exhibited in pens or cages placed upon "benches," or low scaffolds, around the room.

ASHE, (Phila., Pa.)—Bona fide means "in good faith: sotto voce, "in an under tone." Hygeia was the goddess of health; Boreas is the north wind; au revoir, "good-bye for the present." Je vous aime, is French for "I love you."

IGNORANCE, (Harford, Md.)—A set of books suitable for a young man wishing to start reading up in the law, such as "Blackstone's Commentaries," would cost from ten to twenty-five dollars. You could purchase them in any law-book store, of which there are no doubt several in Baltimore.

A. W., (Carroll, N. H.)—You should make a clean breast of it to the young lady, and her parents also. Tell them just how you are situated, and just what you want, and "throw yourself on their indulgence." You would probably get matters adjusted to your satisfaction by taking such a course.

I. S., (Sauk, Wis.)—You seem to have too rigid a notion as to "the precise and proper manner in which a gentleman should ask a lady to dance." There is no pre-eminent way of achieving such a momentous result. Any form of words, which will convey your idea in a respectful and intelligent manner, will be proper and sufficient.

J. M. W., (Clay, Ind.)—We have never heard of the paper, and very likely it is a swindle. The fact that it has not arrived for four weeks, would seem to prove something wrong about it. As a rule, you should avoid having anything to do with any paper not of old and established reputation, no matter what the advantages it may offer.

DE VITRY, (Meigs, O.)—Shrove Tuesday is the day preceding Lent. On this day it was formerly the custom for persons to confess their sins to the parish priest, after which they dined on pancakes or fritters, and the occasion became one of merriment. Hence the name "Pancake Tuesday." The word "shrove" is derived from "shrive," to make a confession.

A. G., (Monroe, N. Y.)—You should, of course, obey your parents; and the fact that your lover is urging you to disobey them—to set their demands at defiance, and treat their loving counsel with contempt, by elopement—shows that he is not a man to be trusted. No honest or honorable man would try to steal so young a girl away from her home and from her parents.

C. K. B., (Apizo, Howell, Mo.)—Nouns in English are not divided into feminine, masculine and neuter, as in other cognate languages. There are some nouns, of course, of these classes, but they are usually such as are associated with sex. The noun wagon from usage we should call neuter here, belonging as it does to inanimate things. The nearest tongue analogous to English makes the noun "wagen" masculine.

W. W., (Calvert, Md.)—You must be rather inexperienced as to the usages of society, and deficient in knowledge of human nature, if you suppose that any lady would tolerate your point-blank contradictions of her statements and remarks. Under the circumstances which you describe, we think the lady had good reason to cut your acquaintance, and that no intelligent and sensible man would have cause to be astonished at such a course on her part.

CATHOLIC, (Chester, S. C.)—The authorship of "The Imitation of Christ," attributed to Thomas-a-Kempis, has been the subject of much controversy. His claim to have been the author has been disputed on the ground that none of his other works are in any respect equal to it. At the close of 1879 no less than 150 publications, for and against, were issued from the Paris press, and towards 1650 the dispute was revived and carried on with great animation in France.

K. M., (New York, N. Y.)—It would not be wise in a man to wait until he had become rich before marrying, nor would it be discreet in him to marry until he had got something ahead, and was fairly established in business. The great thing for a man is to acquire fixed habits of industry, economy, and management, so as to be able to make the best and the most of his means and his opportunities. It would be safer for such a man, with small savings, to marry than it would for a shiftless man, or a spendthrift, with a fair fortune in his possession.

MERCANTILE, (Phila., Pa.)—The famous Alexandrian library, founded nearly 300 years B. C., contained 700,000 volumes. The library of the King of Pergamus, 200,000; and there were numerous libraries, public and private, in Rome, Athens, Samos and other cities in Greece, Egypt, Spain and Italy, numbering from 30,000 to 50,000 volumes. The library founded by Constantine at Constantinople contained 120,000 volumes, and that at Cairo is said by Arab writers to have held 1,600,000 volumes. The British Library and the Paris Library each contain over 2,000,000 volumes.

MAZED, (Antrim, Mich.)—The origin of the phrase "getting into a scrape," has several explanations. The one which it seems to have most in its favor, is that the phrase comes down to us from the days when England was still full of forests and the deer running wild in the woods, cut sharp gullies between the trees called "deer scrapes," which it was easier to fall into than to climb out of. The force which has always been given to the phrase would seem to be upon more in keeping with this derivation than with that which takes the phrase from the driving of a ball at the game of golf into a rabbit burrow or "scrape."

MACAULEY, (Germantown, Pa.)—Hume states that Cromwell's body was disinterred, as were also those of Ireton and Bradshaw, on the anniversary of the execution of Charles I., and conveyed to Tyburn, where they were hung on the gallows, and then taken down and decapitated, the heads being exposed on Westminster Hall. But the family representatives of the Protector show a tomb in the house at Newburgh Park, to which, they say, the remains of Cromwell were removed from the Abbey in consequence of a rumor that some outrage would be committed. The body of some unknown person was substituted for that of their ancestor, and the indignities described by Hume were not visited on the real, but upon a supposititious Cromwell.

PUBIVANI, (Hamilton, Tenn.)—Beatrice Cenci was a beautiful Roman girl, born in 1583. She was a daughter of Francesco Cenci, a man of vast wealth, of dissolute habits, and bad character, but who was able through his large fortune to escape the punishment of his crimes. Of the children by his first wife, two were murdered. Beatrice was the eldest of the three who survived. His second wife, Lucrezia Petroni, and Beatrice were taken by Francesco Cenci to Petrella, a desolate castle among the Sabine hills near the Neapolitan frontier. There Beatrice and her step-mother were subjected to every kind of ignominy and insult. Beatrice vainly appealed to Pope Clement VII. for protection, and then she and Lucrezia resolved to rid themselves of their persecutor. Monsignore Guerra, afterwards the lover of Beatrice, united with them, and they employed two assassins to waylay and kill Francesco on his return to Petrella. But the attempt failed. Afterwards, on September 9, 1598, Beatrice and her step-mother drugged Francesco, and Beatrice led assassins into his room, who killed him while he was asleep. One of the murderers made a confession, and Beatrice, her step-mother, and her two brothers, were charged with instigating the crime, subjected to the torture, and then executed.